

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXVI. No. 1704.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1961

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY

DEC 12 1961

CHICAGO

15c



Drawing by Edward Bateman, R.A.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS are reviewed on pages 877-885 by Naomi Lewis, Arthur Calder-Marshall, Jennifer Bourdillon, J. R. Ackerley, and Francis Watson

Britain's Long Decline

By Donald MacRae

Puerto Rico: Unexemplary Island

By Tibor Mende

Three British Poets

By Philip Hobsbaum

The Colonial Reckoning—II

By Margery Perham

What Is Emancipation?

By Richard Wollheim

Touch and the Octopus

By Martin Wells

HTC HELLENIC TRAVELLERS CLUB

1962 HELLENIC CRUISES

Under the Patronage of the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge, Aberdeen and Reading Universities.

CRUISE No. 28. 30th March to 15th April, 1962 YUGOSLAVIA, GREECE, TURKEY

VENICE, DUBROVNIK, PYLOS, EGLIANOS, KNOSSOS, GORTYNA and PHAESTOS or MALLIA, RHODES, LINDOS or PHILERIMOS and KAMIROS, PATMOS, EPHEBUS or PRIENE, PERGAMUM, BOSPHORUS, ISTANBUL, THASOS, PHILIPPI, ATHENS—2 days with optional 1-day visit to: DAPHNI, OSIOS LOUKAS and DELPHI; or OLD CORINTH, MYCENAE and EPIDAUROS; or AEGINA, HYDRA and POROS; SOUNION, DELOS, MILOS, OLYMPIA, KORCULA, VENICE.

CRUISE No. 29. 14th April to 30th April, 1962 YUGOSLAVIA, GREECE, TURKEY, LEBANON, CYPRUS

VENICE, DUBROVNIK, OLYMPIA, ATHENS, DAPHNI and ELEUSIS or SOUNION, DELOS, ANTALYA, PERGE, ASPENDOS, BEIRUT (Optional 2-day visit by air to: PETRA; or BAALBEK, DAMASCUS and PALMYRA; or BAGHDAD and BABYLON. Optional 1-day visit to: JERUSALEM; or AMRIT, TORTOSA and KRAK DES CHEVALIERS), BAALBEK, DOG RIVER, BYBLOS, FAMAGUSTA, SALAMIS, NICOSIA, ST. NILARION, BELLAPPAIS, KYRENIA, RHODES, KAMIROS, KNOSSOS, LEPANTO, DELPHI, VENICE.

CRUISE No. 30. 29th April to 15th May, 1962 YUGOSLAVIA, GREECE, TURKEY

VENICE, DUBROVNIK, OLYMPIA, KNOSSOS, ANTALYA, PERGE, ASPENDOS, SIDE, RHODES, LINDOS or PHILERIMOS and KAMIROS, DELOS, MYKONOS, CAPE HELLES, GALLIOLI PENINSULA, TROY, BOSPHORUS, ISTANBUL, EPHEBUS or PRIENE, ATHENS, DAPHNI and ELEUSIS or SOUNION, MISTRA, SPARTA, DELPHI, KORCULA, VENICE.

CRUISE No. 31. 15th August to 31st August, 1962 ITALY, SICILY, GREECE, TURKEY

GENOA, SALERNO, PAESTUM, PALERMO, SEGESTA, SYRACUSE, OLYMPIA, KNOSSOS, SANTORINI, RHODES, LINDOS or PHILERIMOS and KAMIROS, DELOS, MYKONOS, SAMOTHRACE, TROY, BOSPHORUS, ISTANBUL, EPHEBUS or PRIENE, ATHENS, DAPHNI and ELEUSIS or SOUNION (Optional overnight stay in ATHENS with visit to: DAPHNI, OSIOS LOUKAS and DELPHI; or DAPHNI, CORINTH CANAL, MYCENAE and OLD CORINTH), VENICE.

CRUISE No. 32. 30th August to 15th September, 1962 YUGOSLAVIA, GREECE, TURKEY, BLACK SEA, RUMANIA, BULGARIA

VENICE, DUBROVNIK, OLYMPIA, KNOSSOS, SANTORINI, PERGAMUM, ISTANBUL, BOSPHORUS, CONSTANTIA, MAMAIA, BUCHAREST—2 days with overnight stay, STALIN (VARNA), NESSEBUR, BOURGAS, TROY, DELOS, TINOS, MYKONOS, ATHENS, DAPHNI and ELEUSIS or SOUNION (Optional overnight stay in ATHENS with visit to: DAPHNI, OSIOS LOUKAS and DELPHI; or DAPHNI, CORINTH CANAL, MYCENAE and OLD CORINTH), VENICE.

CRUISE No. 33. 14th September to 30th September, 1962 YUGOSLAVIA, GREECE, TURKEY

VENICE, DUBROVNIK, OLYMPIA, TIRYNS, EPIDAUROS, AEGINA, KNOSSOS, GORTYNA and PHAESTOS or MALLIA, RHODES, LINDOS or PHILERIMOS and KAMIROS, PATMOS, EPHEBUS or PRIENE, PERGAMUM, BOSPHORUS, ISTANBUL, TROY, SAMOTHRACE, DELOS, TINOS, MYKONOS, ATHENS, DAPHNI and ELEUSIS or SOUNION (Optional overnight stay in ATHENS with visit to: DAPHNI, OSIOS LOUKAS and DELPHI; or DAPHNI, CORINTH CANAL, MYCENAE and OLD CORINTH), VENICE.

Each Cruise will be accompanied by five Guest Lecturers who will give lectures on board and at the various sites visited.

Guest Lecturers accompanying 1962 Cruises include:

Mr. John Boardman, Sir Maurice Bowra, Mr. John C. Dancy, Mr. M. I. Finley, Dr. Michael Grant, Professor P. H. J. Lloyd-Jones, Sir Harry Luke, Mr. Michael MacLagan, Dr. Walter F. Oakeshott, Canon Guy Pentreath, Mr. Stewart H. Perowne, Professor Ian A. Richmond, Professor W. B. Stanford, Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper, The Rev. Lawrence Waddy, Professor T. B. L. Webster, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, and Sir John Wolfenden.

PRICES FROM 100 GNS.

(INCLUDING TRAVEL LONDON-VENICE AND RETURN).

For full particulars and reservations apply to:

W. F. & R. K. SWAN (Hellenic) LTD.

260-261 (Q29) Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

Telephones: MUSeum 8070 (18 lines)

This weekend in THE SUNDAY TIMES

THE MIND OF THE RUSSIANS

A Psychiatrist's Analysis

What combination of inborn national characteristics and political indoctrination has produced the RUSSIAN OF THE 1960s? This question is one for either a student of politics or a psychiatrist—and in LORD TAYLOR the two combine: he is both an eminent psychiatrist and a former Labour M.P.

In THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday Lord Taylor analyses the Russian character with all the clinical objectivity of the doctor's consulting-room. He traces the various behaviour-patterns of the Russian personality—including the schizoid and manic-depressive—and examines their possible effects on Soviet home and foreign policy.

"When people behave strangely in the eyes of their neighbours... it is always because they behave differently," he says. "It is as though we were facing each other on a playing-field. We know the game is rugby, they know it is soccer. Both sides agree only that it is football—and that the other side is cheating."

The Russians have been evaluated by economists, politicians and sociologists—but here uniquely is a PSYCHIATRIST'S EYE-VIEW of them.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Eton's Head Examines their

Place Today—and their Future

PUBLIC SCHOOLS—their very name sounds a summons to battle in Britain's class-divided society. "Merge them with the State system—they're nurseries of privilege and breeding-grounds of lop-sided, outmoded attitudes!" growls the Extreme Left. . . . "Bastions of all that's finest in our British way of life—produce self-reliance, honesty, straight-bats, tomorrow's leaders!" huffs the Extreme Right. . . . "Well, they do at least set a certain scholastic standard," say the Middlemen, "but couldn't they make them just a little more accessible for the rest of us?" . . .

Prejudice aside, what is the case for and against the public schools? An important question these days when more parents than ever before—many of them not themselves public school products—are clamouring to get their children into these expensive establishments. Are these schools giving value for money? Are they striving to retain their exclusiveness—or are they prepared to lower their ancient draw-bridges to more boys from grammar and primary schools?

In THE SUNDAY TIMES this weekend DR. ROBERT BIRLEY—headmaster of ETON for the past thirteen years, and the expert who advised on the post-war educational rehabilitation of Germany—examines the public school system and the arguments for its retention or abolition.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

in every way a worth-while newspaper

The Listener

Vol. LXVI. No. 1704

Thursday November 23 1961

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

Britain's Long Decline (Donald MacRae)	843
Puerto Rico: Unexemplary Island (Tibor Mende)	845
A Greater Malaysia (Anthony Lawrence)	854

POEMS:

The Wind (Boris Pasternak, translated by Henry Kamen) ...	847
Security (Michael Hamburger)	865
A Garden for Orpheus (John Smith)	865

THE LISTENER:

Lost Tradition?	848
What They Are Saying (Stanley Mayes)	848

DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany)	849
---	-----

THE REITH LECTURES:

The Colonial Reckoning—II (Margery Perham)	851
---	-----

PHILOSOPHY:

The Plain Man—II: What Is Emancipation? (Richard Wollheim)	855
---	-----

SCIENCE:

Touch and the Octopus (Martin Wells)	857
---	-----

LITERATURE:

The Road Not Taken (Philip Hobsbaum)	860
Book reviews (Ian Nairn, Roy Fuller, David Thomson, G. R. Elton, and Dyneley Hussey)	871
New Novels (Elizabeth Jennings)	875

ART:

The Carracci Exhibition (Quentin Bell)	859
---	-----

RADIO ESSAY:

Score Twice for Cheyne Walk (Angus McGill)	864
---	-----

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	866
---	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From J. E. Sunley, S. C. Pearce, Professor P. H. Nowell-Smith, L. M. Loring, Michael Swan, Charles Wilson, G. Reichardt, Gerald Morice, Sir John Conybeare, G. S. Kirk, and Rev. J. C. Gill	869
--	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Arthur Calder-Marshall) ...	886
Television Drama (Frederick Laws)	886
Sound Drama (Ian Rodger)	887
The Spoken Word (Michael Swan)	888
Music (Edward Lockspeiser)	888

MUSIC:

Schönberg and the Orchestra (Colin Mason)	889
--	-----

BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese)	890
---	-----

TASTY STUFFED DISHES (Alison Balfour)	891
--	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	891
------------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,643	891
----------------------------	-----

Children's Books for Christmas ... 877

Reviews by Naomi Lewis, Arthur Calder-Marshall, Jennifer Bourdillon, J. R. Ackerley, and Francis Watson

Britain's Long Decline

By DONALD MACRAE

FOR all we say about it, this is a pleasant society in which to live. It is more than pleasant; in many ways it is a good society, remarkable among the nations of the world for freedom and tolerance—a tolerance that is, often enough, mere indifference; but is in fact more than that, for it is founded in a deep public righteousness, sometimes priggish, but at its best capable of a just and effective anger. English laws, though they are far from being the despair and envy of the world as most commentators tell us, are even and careful in most things that matter. English manners are kindlier than they seem. There is considerable public provision against hardship and accident—though far from enough. The springs of private charity may flow rather oddly in a nation of animal lovers, but flow they do with undiminished vigour. And this is, by the standards of the world, a rich society, a comfortable place in a hard world.

Yet this is a society increasingly disheartened, unsure of itself and unhappy about its condition. Many people believe, falsely, that we are absolutely worse off than in the past—for example, than in the years before 1914. This is nonsense: it is true, though it is hardly the consequence of enlightened and daring policy by any party, that materially we have never 'had it so good'. It is also true that since the eighteen-sixties we have been overhauled and surpassed technically and economically by nations which undertook their industrialization long after us, and that the rate of our long *relative* decline has grown faster with the years. Does this matter? At least we feel that it does.

And naturally, in terms of international power we have partly voluntarily, partly bowing to necessity, partly against our strongest

will, declined in position among the nations. These things would anyhow have sapped our faith in ourselves, but they are not the whole story. It is not merely that we have grown more slowly than others: our country is full of areas where the shabby fabric of outdated industry provides a spectacle of desolation. The experience of many regions of Britain is of absolute decline and poverty, not merely of relative failure. The industrial north, central Scotland, Northern Ireland, south Wales all present (or till recently presented) the lineaments of a defeat that cannot easily be forgotten.

There is a fashion nowadays for the nineteen-twenties. Too easily we forget that they were part of a period from 1921 to 1940 when the unemployment rate never dropped below some 10 per cent. of the labour force. The nineteen-thirties only accentuated what the nineteen-twenties had begun. Nor was the experience of slump a novel one; there had been the great depressions of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The habit of hope is not easily destroyed, but much of the experience of the British people has made its practice extremely difficult.

What is more, there is the disillusionment of victory. This has certainly gone too far in the shadow of 1945, but who can say that the disillusionments of the period after 1918 were disproportionate and have not legitimately added to the disenchantments of 1961? The British had thought of themselves naturally, inevitably, by right, as top nation: what effrontery, then, for late-comers, for the defeated, for the despised, to surpass us in wealth or power! Even the fabric of welfare built up between 1944 and 1948 is no longer our unique achievement, for our European

neighbours have gone further at many points of welfare, if not all. Our endeavours, heroisms, and triumphs seem merely negative: it is nearly fashionable to accept, almost voluptuously, public despair.

With such a feeling of general malaise, there goes ascription of guilt. Always, others are to blame: other sections of society than the one to which we belong are at fault—national disunity is of course always the failure of others to be united with us. Or, equally of course, we are paying for our virtues: we should have been firmer with foreigners, with allies, with enemies, and so on. Or the explanation is sought in some single, simple failure in technology, in economics, or in politics. It is my contention that this long decline can be understood not simply but best by looking at our social structure; only with reference to it can we understand what has happened and is happening, for it is our social structure which conditions and limits all our political choices and economic decisions. It is not some iron necessity to which I appeal, but, if I can be permitted the phrase, to a structure of probabilities of behaviour, the creation of the interactions of our unique history—a structure tough, resilient, but today perhaps dangerous.

Dominant Role of the Upper Classes

If you say 'social structure' to an Englishman and get any response at all, it will be one of pleased expectancy that you are going to tell him something new about social class. Class is only one part of social structure, but we might well begin with it, and especially with the upper classes who exercise and have exercised a dominant role in shaping our destinies. Disturbed by no serious violence for three centuries, our upper class is genuinely *sui generis*. It is not a nobility cut off by pride of birth from new members, or carrying a burden of younger sons and more remote relatives economically incapable of supporting their status yet legally superior to the rest of society. Unlike the great traditional European aristocracies it has always been open to new arrivals and has traditionally ruthlessly eliminated old survivals. Nor has it been like the Tsarist aristocracy, bound to the autocracy, open indeed, but at the mercy of absolute royal authority.

Its uniqueness has been its strength and explains its continuity—the continuity of a slowly evolving culture and set of attitudes and a rather more rapidly changing personnel. It has accommodated itself to industrialists and to financiers: within comparatively recent times, for example, to stockbrokers—but its base is still essentially territorial in form if not in reality. Since the eighteen-nineties land has been the symbolic rather than the real foundation of any considerable group's authority. Its unity is that of a common culture and a shared educational experience: admission to its ranks is the acquiring of that culture, that education and the means to support them. There is no nonsense about merit and very little about blood. The cake of custom that has formed, in Bagehot's phrase, is the accretion of attitudes over generations.

Obligations to the Family

Yet in all British social life—though more, I think, in England than in Scotland—the family counts for much. We have been hypnotized by talk about industrialism destroying the ancient unities of hearth and kin, and by divorce statistics—as though adultery were a modern discovery—into belief in the decline of the family. In England, family is all pervasive: duty is done to the kindred and obligations exacted from them everywhere, especially when there is capital. The family must be provided for, at someone's expense; competition must yield to its demands. Round capital, piety accumulates; one must never touch capital, one must transmit it intact. Therefore one values only narrowly approved expenditures; discourages risk and adventure; disapproves most, not all, immoderate consumption. The rich are often mean—what else, the cynic may ask?—but, what is worse, they are careful; their ethos may encourage bodily risk, but it does not promote constructive intellectual activity nor urge on a Faustian desire to innovate, change, and explore.

This ethos, with modifications, extends deep into the community. With it goes a public acceptance of a style of life in which, the industrial working class apart, we are all, really, country gentlemen. In the oldest industrial country in the world, and the most urban, we play at country pleasures and a romantic conservative rural wisdom with a greater consistency and solemnity

of self-deception than was ever shown by Marie Antoinette as a dairy-maid. To us to be slow of speech, slow of wit, but immemorably shrewd, and to draw wisdom and content from the soil and country pursuits is taken for virtue. At its best it is a pleasant affectation; at its worst a poisonous cant which destroys the life of a society highly rationalistic, mechanical, and urban. The theory of our leisure class is that of Squire Western: it makes an admirable excuse for complacency, caution, financial carefulness, and ignorance.

When we were more assured one could, with a clear conscience, leave the practical criticism of our institutions to an odd minority of Benthamites or Fabians, or take up the criticism of England from the perspectives of some impossible progressivist utopia, or of aestheticism, or of idealized revolution beyond our shores. This absolved one from practical activity, permitted the enjoyment of the very real pleasures of the English Philistia, and put one in a position of calm superiority to one's neighbours. It was a pleasant luxury; it was critically relevant to the complacent society of the past; today it is a poor consolation for our doubts and discontents.

Both of these positions are based on a major British error: the belief that industrialization is like puberty—a once-for-all crisis—and can be relegated to an 'industrial revolution' in a deplorable past. But the process is continuous and the demands of technical, organizational, and social innovation are as ceaseless as the strains and dislocations of uneven growth are constant. The longing for a utopia in some imaginary paradisaical past is an attempt to escape these things. The ethos of our culture, with its contempt for the rational, the applied sciences, and technology, its faith in established ways—never in fact established—in primitive wisdom and inspired amateurism has become less and less appropriate to our condition as the long decline has continued. The English have looked down on education and learning—especially for the poor. They claim to have stressed leadership and character. But what, in fact, is meant by leadership? Is it but the capacity to give orders confidently and without reflection? What if the ordered are indifferent and the orders absurd?

A Confident World

The decline became visible perhaps first in the sixties of the last century, when a cool observer would have noted how American production integrated labour and multiplied devices based on mechanically produced identical parts, while the Germans rationally concentrated capital and created industry in areas of production which we neglected. But Britain was so certainly, it seemed, ahead in industrial life and so massively based on a large real investment in plant, in cities, and in men that it seemed not to matter. And as the century progressed, the union of the older territorial upper class with the captains of industry became more perfect, while new and larger forms of financial organization grew in importance, and land, industry, capital, and family formed a dense canopy like the deep tangle of foliage above a tropical forest.

In this world the role of finance and banking—national and international—grew steadily. It is the psychology of the creditor—and bankers are creditors—to believe in stable prices and therefore, *de facto*, in deflation. Industrialists and debtors, when rational, for obvious reasons are in favour of inflation and of growth. As the capacity of men to produce and therefore to consume grew, so did it seem more and more dangerous to the established ethos to let them do so. The puritan virtues of thrift and abstinence, of the postponement of pleasure and therefore of consumption, dominated the middle classes and reinforced the suspicions and hesitations of the upper classes. Even the working class learned the same lessons from life and religion: a grudging doubt of the real advantages of an industrial order and of the techniques and education on which it rests dominated left and right in our politics.

Thus, though we are a mobile and fluid society, yet for a century admission to its upper ranks has involved the price of adherence to an increasingly inappropriate ideology. Our classes are open and permeable, but they are also based on a rigid system of jealousies and contempts which their members must display to prove their membership. And, alas, these jealousies and contempts are those of a pre-industrial society modified by the fancies and practices of a period of unchallenged power. We have had 'the career open to the talents'—but so had imperial China;

and we, like the Chinese, have not used these talents for the ends of freedom, innovation, and education in the best knowledge of reality available to us.

For a time it looked as though we would do so. Between 1940 and 1948 the unity of endeavour and danger brought us together, and enormous things, beyond the reach of any totalitarianism, were achieved domestically as well as in arms. But then took place a revolution, a 'middle-class counter-revolution', to borrow a phrase, and thankfully, renovated a little for confrontation with the twentieth century, we resumed the easy road of the long decline: and, as I have said, it is a comfortable road save that its surface seems more broken, its rewards of pleasant prospects less, as the *autobahnen* of other societies thunder by.

Can we remain on the old road? Britain has been very diverse, and large sections of its life have been animated by people with different social backgrounds, strangers to the specifically English social structure: Irish unskilled labour, Scottish education and logic, undaunted Welsh individualism, the great and creative split

between the pragmatic north and the sophisticate south. But while all these are still real, they diminish as elements in a more and more uniform culture and style of life, in a terrible centripetalism whereby the home counties draw talent and dominate expression at the price of conformity to unreal values or of irrelevant revolt about peripheral matters. (The British always admire martyrs to absurd causes.)

We may feel, as our decline becomes more evident and as the springs of diversity run slowly dry, that it is the necessary price of the real and admirable comfort of our situation and the freedom which it gives us. Yet social structure and ideology are things which men choose, not admittedly with complete freedom, yet freely choose. We may feel, if we are so old-fashioned as to admit to patriotism, that the decline has gone on long enough, and that freedom can survive even the reality of the late twentieth century. If we believe this, then we must educate ourselves, and those who will come after us, in reality. This could be done were we to abandon the luxuriant ideology of the century of our decline.

—Third Programme

Unexemplary Island

TIBOR MENDE on Puerto Rico

WE were sitting, five of us, at a respectable distance from the blackboard: two Nigerians, a young man from Ceylon, a Senator from Gabon, and myself. We were looking at the figures which illustrated the lecture. But the Information Officer stopped and abruptly left the wood-panelled room. Back again, he apologized for having forgotten the background music. His elegant secretary followed him in and fixed a reel on the tape-recorder. Then, with the soft, Hollywood music tempering the humming of the air-conditioner, our host continued his lecture.

He was the Information Officer of the Fomento, Puerto Rico's Economic Development Board. His audience that day was but a modest sample of the hundreds of foreigners—mostly Afro-Asians—whom Americans and Puerto Ricans invite to the island each year because they regard it as an example to other under-developed countries. And so the visitors hear how, within twenty years, Puerto Rico has more than trebled the average income of its fast-multiplying inhabitants. Yet, in almost all respects, Puerto Rico cannot really be compared with anywhere else.

For one thing that scene in Fomento's office was symbolic of something peculiar to Puerto Rico: the extraordinary grafting of America's dynamic civilization on a tropical, Spanish-Catholic base. To me the blend provides the island's challenging charm. There is old San Juan, the capital's Spanish-built core, with its tortuous streets, Iberian churches, fountain-cooled patios flanked by

wrought-iron grilles, and its Spanish-speaking crowds on palm-shaded plazas. Then there are the ultra-modern concrete buildings, the speedways crowded with highly coloured cars, modern factories, and luxury hotels along fairytale beaches; the soda fountains, the department stores, and all the gadgets imported from the mainland. But that is San Juan. Further inland, in the villages, I found another Puerto Rico still only halfway out of the wretched past.

Its climate apart, Puerto Rico was no favourite of the Creator. To begin with, it is barely a hundred miles long and about thirty-five miles wide. When Isabella, the Catholic, asked Columbus what the island was like, he crumpled a piece of paper in reply. But in the wrinkles of all those mountains there are no natural resources to speak of. Only the coast is really fertile, and there have always been too many to live from its products.

What man did to Puerto Rico falls into three periods. Four centuries of Spanish rule were followed by the United States take-over in 1898. For the next forty-two years the flag may have been different but the methods of government were fundamentally the same as before. Then, in 1940, began what our lecturer described as the 'Miracle of Puerto Rico'. United States officials like to refer to it as 'America's answer to Communism'.

Under the Spaniards, Puerto Rico was barely more than a strategic bastion. Madrid monopolized all foreign trade. Only towards the end of the nineteenth century was the illicit trade with



La Fortaleza, San Juan, built in 1523 for Don Juan Ponce de Leon, first governor of Puerto Rico

America legalized and only then did Spain grant what amounted almost to home rule. But one year later Spain lost the Spanish-American War and so, in 1898, began the second, the United States, phase. Military rule was soon replaced by a civilian administration in which the Puerto Ricans themselves played an ever increasing role. In 1917 they even became United States citizens. Simultaneously, America built roads, schools, and hospitals, and the island's sugar was allowed free entry into the protected American market.

Sugar Daddies

But the medal also had its reverse side. United States capital and know-how helped to treble the acreage planted to sugar cane. From 70,000 tons in 1898, output of sugar grew to over 1,000,000 tons by 1934. But, despite a federal act which had imposed a ceiling of 500 acres on individual holdings, a handful of absentee American corporations became owners of most of the sugar cane fields. Many former local owners of small plantations were degraded to being mere wage-earners and the island had to import most of its food. On paper, external trade statistics seemed flattering. However, as Muñoz Marín, the present Governor, once remarked, the favourable balance of trade of those days resembled that of a burglarized home. In both cases exports exceeded imports.

After three decades of American rule the island's entire economy was geared to sugar. United States sugar interests dominated local politics. How vulnerable that 'one crop economy' was became clear with the onset of the great depression. Federal expenditure and new investment almost ceased; there was growing unemployment. If in 1929—according to a Brookings Institution estimate—the average worker's weekly wage was less than a dollar, and he lived on a 'coolie's diet' of rice, conditions were to become still worse. In the early nineteen-thirties Puerto Rico was heading towards bankruptcy and under-nourishment was general. I was told of a particular form of juvenile delinquency typical of the mood of those days. Careful to have witnesses, youngsters began to smash mail-boxes. These being federal property, the culprits were sentenced to be sent to a federal reform school on the mainland. For their families, it was an occasion for rejoicing. Their sons were, at last, assured of food and clothing and they would also learn English.

The collapse inevitably bred extremists. The Nationalist Party, having failed at the polls, turned to terrorism. Following murder at home, President Truman himself became the target of its killers in 1950. In the same year Puerto Rican terrorists wounded some Congressmen in Washington by spraying them with bullets from the visitors' gallery. Already, however, terrorism as a political weapon had become thoroughly discredited because, in the meantime, with the elections of 1940, the third and present phase of Puerto Rico's story had begun.

Good Intentions but Lack of Enthusiasm

Two factors were decisive in its beginnings—the New Deal, with the more liberal American approach it implied; and the emergence of Luis Muñoz Marín as Puerto Rico's new leader. It was under the New Deal that the first efforts were made to transform Puerto Rico from 'the poorhouse of the Antilles' into a self-respecting country with democratic self-rule. Those efforts began with a relief agency. That soon gave way to a more systematic attempt to change existing structures, under a reconstruction Administration. For the first time—and with the help of liberal Puerto Ricans—comprehensive projects were worked out, involving some long-term planning. But these new policies had to be carried out by local politicians who were, so to speak, tele-commanded by sugar interests. Because of this, and notwithstanding good intentions and even results, the enthusiasm of the islanders was not aroused. They felt no sense of participation or self-help—until the appearance of a new political movement conceived by Muñoz Marín.

Son of a revered nationalist, Luis Muñoz Marín began his career as an ardent advocate of independence. He spent long years among New York's intellectuals and his activities there helped to shape the New Dealers' ideas about Puerto Rico. Yet Washington's suspicions of his aims effectively lessened his politi-

cal influence at home. It was only when the Reconstruction Administration's prestige began to ebb that his chance came.

The island was to have elections in 1940. As usual, it was taken for granted that the parties with adequate funds to buy the required votes would win. The normal price of a vote was two dollars. At that point, without funds and relying merely on his own eloquence, Muñoz Marín began to organize his Popular Democratic Party. He went from village to village and argued with the *jibaros*, the half-starved back-countrymen. 'You can't have justice and two dollars', he told them. 'Don't sell your vote and we will bring change and justice'. This new language had an electrifying effect. Contrary to all expectations the *jibaros* ceased to sell their votes; the Popular Democratic Party—the *Populares*—won the elections and have been ruling Puerto Rico ever since.

That was to prove one change for the better. Another was the naming of the highly competent Rexford Tugwell—one of Roosevelt's 'brains trusters'—as the island's new Governor. Puerto Rico now began to move into the twentieth century. The forgotten law limiting agricultural holdings was revived and progressively enforced. This helped the rural proletariat and also put an end to the stranglehold of the sugar companies on local politics. Then came equally drastic action in the fields of agricultural diversification, education, and public health. Industrialization was not far behind, and to promote it a Planning Board and a Development Board (the Fomento) were established. The main function of the second of these two bodies was to create a hospitable climate for American private investors. Tax exemption for up to thirteen years was allowed to new industries; they were granted free land and even ready-made buildings, and training schemes were organized to adapt local skills—and all these measures were supported by research services and by sophisticated public relations.

No Representation, No Taxation

After 1948, when Muñoz Marín became the first elected Governor, he wished to define his country's political relationship. What he achieved was something without precedent. Puerto Rico became a commonwealth, or *Estado Libre Asociado*—that is, a self-governing state with its own constitution, legislation, and courts but in voluntary and mutually accepted association with the United States of America. This was a status which henceforward reflected Muñoz Marín's philosophy 'beyond nationalism'. This way most federal laws (including those governing military service) apply to Puerto Ricans; they are represented in Congress in Washington, but they have no vote there. In exchange Puerto Ricans—faithful to 'no taxation without representation'—pay no federal taxes (only local ones) but obtain federal aid.

Most Puerto Ricans I met and talked to admit the advantages of this arrangement. Muñoz Marín's *Populares* have won about 60 per cent. of the votes in the last three general elections. The opposition is divided between the Statehood and the Independence parties. The first wishes the island to become the fifty-first State of the Union and the second calls for total independence—a possibility envisaged by the United States should a majority vote for it. However, it has been calculated that statehood would mean heavy financial loss as the federal taxes to be paid would surpass the federal aid to be had. As for independence, it may satisfy surviving passions but it would certainly play havoc with the island's economy. But Puerto Rico has no other opposition party of importance and so it is possible that the votes obtained by the Statehood and Independence parties are not so much expressions of support for their aims as reflections of impatience with a ruling party which has now been in power for over twenty years.

In any case, that ruling party has two definite advantages. I could soon verify the first, the overwhelming popularity of the Governor. The second is the regime's spectacular balance-sheet. With its national income steadily mounting and importing each year seven-hundred million dollars' worth of goods from the mainland, tiny Puerto Rico has become one of America's most important trading partners. Illiteracy is on the way out. The death rate has been reduced to a point even lower than in the United States, and the average life-span is twenty years longer today than it was in 1940. The tourist trade—involuntarily helped by Fidel Castro—now caters for a yearly 250,000 visitors who

represent an annual income of nearly \$40,000,000. But the most significant results have come from the so-called Operation Bootstrap industrialization programme. With Fomento's help, more than 800 factories have begun operations since 1951, and the \$1,000,000,000 they cost came mainly from American private investors. Following clothing and light industries (attracted by cheaper labour), some of the big American corporations have now started to put up plants in Puerto Rico. In fact, since 1957, industry has contributed more to the national income than agriculture.

But Muñoz Marin has no obvious successor, and I found fears that when he goes the island's new-found stability may well go too. Referring to the Cuban invasion, a local intellectual tried to convince me that the United States were bound to arrest what he called 'our socialistic revolution'. A few dream of neutrality. Yet economic imperatives seem to have turned many more into pragmatists. They, like the Governor himself, believe that with a chain of Latin American social upheavals to come, the interest of the United States is in upholding their Puerto Rican experiment in a mixed economy, to prove that mutually satisfactory collaboration is a possibility.

There remain the questions: is the Puerto Rican success-story really a model for under-developed countries? Or is it really 'America's answer to communism'? To me, these claims imply dangerous over-statements. Undoubtedly, it is an encouraging constitutional innovation that permits a people with a distinct culture of its own to find political freedom within the economic and political structure of the United States—as in the case not only of Puerto Rico but of Hawaii. Given reciprocal wisdom, it might even be repeated—in exceptional cases—between another rich giant and another poor dwarf. Yet, in general, larger nations, with greater resources, are unlikely to let their nationalism be overruled by mere economic common sense. I could not see my friends in India, Indonesia or Vietnam, allowing that to happen.



Luis Muñoz Marín, Governor of Puerto Rico

Within the general conception of the Puerto Rican experiment there are some specific things which could well be imitated in other under-developed countries. There are, for instance, village schemes which seem to me to be more effective in generating self-help than those I have seen, for instance, in India. In Puerto Rico I saw volunteer villagers build the famous \$300 concrete house, with only one technician to help them. The house itself and the loan methods which make it available

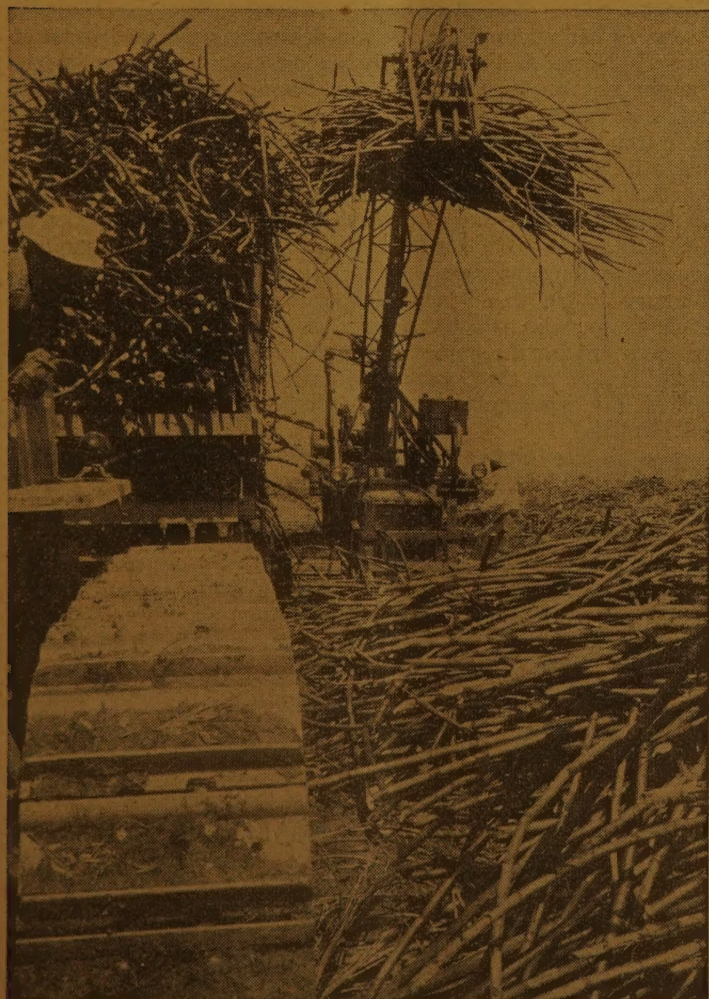
to the poorest, are worth copying. That and similar experiments should certainly be studied. They at least are exportable.

Yet three essential components of the Puerto Rican success-story are not adaptable to a different context. There is the island's privileged place within the U.S. tariff wall. Then, Puerto Ricans can and do emigrate to the mainland *en masse*. Again, the exceptional volume of American private investment is obviously conditioned by the sense of security provided by the American military bases which freckle the surface of Puerto Rico.

Would the United States voter admit Brazil's or India's exports free of duties merely in exchange for political association? Then, while 2,500,000 crowd their island, nearly 1,000,000 Puerto Ricans live in the United States. Would or could the United States, in exchange for strategic or other advantages, admit a third of India's, Ceylon's, or Egypt's population as citizens? Is it conceivable that Americans would invest as readily in Indonesia, Iraq, or Haiti, without the reassuring local presence of their country's military might? If the U.S. were to invest in India and Ceylon in the same proportion to the local population as in Puerto Rico such private investments would amount to \$172,000,000,000 in India and nearly \$4,000,000,000 in Ceylon alone.

As I see it, Puerto Rico's association with the United States might possibly serve as a model for some small countries which the economy of a large neighbour might digest without indigestion. Otherwise, however solid the Puerto Rican achievement, it is not really exportable. To allege that it is, I think, is dangerous, because in rejecting the wider claim people may be inclined to overlook the incontestably positive content of the experiment.

—Third Programme



* After three decades of American rule Puerto Rico's entire economy was geared to sugar: a mechanical loader at work in the sugar-cane fields

The Wind

My end has come but you live on.
The wind weeps out its plaintive cry
And rocks the house and forest round
And pine-trees, yet not one by one,
But all together waving high
Into and with the vast beyond
Like hulls of sailing ships that lie
And ride at anchor in a bay;
And this not for a whim or two,
Nor yet in blind malignity,
But from its grief to spin for you
The soft words of a lullaby.

Translated by HENRY KAMEN from the
Russian of BORIS PASTERNAK

The Listener

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1961
The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Distributors, Inc., New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Lost Tradition?

IN a talk which we publish on another page, Mr. Philip Hobsbaum argues that the course of English poetry over the last forty years was radically altered by the first world war, which was responsible for the premature deaths of three major talents, Wilfred Owen, Isaac Rosenberg, and Edward Thomas. Mr. Hobsbaum suggests that these three, had they lived, might have provided a truly English modernism, linked to the past yet not content merely to provide feeble imitations of it. As it was, we were left with the Georgians, who regarded tradition 'as a resting-place rather than a springboard', and were unable to provide any acceptable alternative to the American modernism introduced by Mr. T. S. Eliot, following Mr. Ezra Pound: a revolution which might, Mr. Hobsbaum suggests, have been as unnecessary as it was undesirable if a strong native tradition had survived the war.

It is, of course, undeniable that not only in poetry, but most other branches of human endeavour, English life was made both poorer, and different, by the enormous drain of talent during 1914 to 1918. On the other hand, the Americanization of our culture had begun long before 1914, not only in the poetry of Pound and the Imagists but in music, ragtime having become popular by about 1910. In poetry, at any rate, the native tradition seemed already to have declined into the pallid late romanticism of the disciples of Swinburne, as may be seen, for example, in Gilbert Murray's translations of Greek drama which were so popular in the Edwardian period. Hardy, whose integrity, simplicity and vision have been so great an influence, had only recently begun to publish poetry again after the final disappointment of twenty years as a novelist. Yet, as Mr. Hobsbaum reminds us, it is now Hardy who seems to have been offering, all the time, the most genuine and valuable links between the nineteenth century and the post-1918 poets, of whom Mr. Robert Graves, an admirer of Hardy's, must be reckoned the principal survivor. Through him, the tradition lost when Owen, Rosenberg, and Thomas died is in part found again, and it is worth recalling that another influence on him was an American, Mr. Robert Frost, whose work is far removed from the eclectic cosmopolitan modernism of Pound.

We should also remember that, to a historian of the future, our culture may not seem quite so susceptible to schematic divisions as it now does. It may one day be remembered how much 'The Waste Land' owed to Tennyson and how much Mr. Auden owed to the Anglo-Saxons (even if seen through Pound). The first world war was a disaster for humanity, but to argue that it was a piece of bad luck for English poetry is perhaps historically somewhat dangerous. In the long run, culture continually renews itself, by whatever accidents, from whatever sources, pure or impure: it is not something that keeps starting and stopping like a bus, but something which keeps moving, like a traveler.

We regret that in the leading article last week, entitled 'Imperial Sunset?', we inadvertently included a quotation from an early draft of Dr. Perham's first Reith Lecture. This quotation was subsequently removed by her. The point that was made in the article which was a contrast between the British Empire as it existed in 1939 and as it is today, was valid, although the details were not precisely correct.

What They Are Saying

Africa divided

MOSCOW RADIO COMPLAINED that Western news agencies had raised a clamour about the death of thirteen Italian airmen who had been killed in the Congo 'in disorders provoked by irresponsible elements'. It was characteristic of the Western press that it should try to blame patriotic Congolese leaders and in particular the Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Gizenga. The 'Congo News Agency', said Moscow, had declared that Mr. Gizenga was taking all measures to establish order in the town where the Italians had been killed.

In a home service talk Moscow said that the present Central Government of the Congo headed by Adoula had 'very diverse' elements in it. Though it included former supporters of Lumumba who 'stand for complete independence', the Soviet radio went on, 'enemies of the Republic and people willing to strike a bargain with colonialists occupy important posts'. Conditions at present made it impossible for them to take an open stand against the Lumumba line, so they were forced to dissemble. That explained the 'indecisive and slow action' against Katanga.

Before the murder of the Italian airmen was reported, the *New York Herald Tribune* wrote:

Most of the U.N. efforts at intervention in the Congo have been aimed at a single aspect of the affair—the removal of Belgian mercenaries in Katanga. Certainly this is a challenge that should not be ignored. But it cannot be solved while other equally important problems are overlooked—the failure of the Central Government to keep order, the free-wheeling activities of Gizenga and his followers, the political primitiveness and immaturity (and this, surely is the heart of the matter) which make Congo nationhood a travesty even by African standards.

Kenya's disputed frontiers produced some rival broadcasts. Cotonou radio (Somali Republic) reported that the National Assembly had adopted a resolution demanding the annexation of Kenya's Northern Frontier District and asking Britain not to transfer any territory inhabited by Somalis to Ethiopia, as she had done before. Ethiopia gave a tremendous welcome to Jomo Kenyatta and hailed him as a great champion of human rights. When he was asked in Addis Ababa about the Somalis living in Northern Kenya, he replied that this was one of the problems facing Kenya 'as a result of the well-known imperialist policy of divide and rule'. The British had ruled the territory as a unified country and it was their duty to try to preserve its territorial integrity. 'We do not want another Congo in Kenya'. Meanwhile Cairo radio, which continued its praise of Kenyatta for his successes against the imperialists, took the opportunity of a visit to the U.A.R. by the Somali Minister of Defence to broadcast a talk for Ethiopia emphasizing the 'brotherly unity' of the U.A.R. and Somalia.

Several West German newspapers criticized Dr. Adenauer for his decision to delay the statement on Government policy until after he has met President Kennedy. The *Westdeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* said that the Free Democrats would like to remove the most important decisions from the Cabinet to a coalition committee. This would result in Dr. Adenauer taking these decisions 'even more than before in silent conversation with himself'.

Among much German speculation about the Dr. Kroll episode *Die Welt* said the Federal Government would be 'well advised' not to undertake any initiative towards Moscow 'without making sure in advance of the agreement of its allies. . . . Dr. Kroll's step has produced something which German diplomacy must fear more than fire, the mistrust of our friends'.

On the Anglo-American joint appeal to the Soviet Union for a resumption of talks on a nuclear tests ban, Warsaw radio said that, in view of Russia's known wish to link negotiations on banning tests with talks on general disarmament, the United States was evidently gambling on a negative reply in the hope of obtaining the largest possible propaganda gains. *The Washington Post* however thought that 'differences over whether the test ban treaty should precede a general disarmament treaty or be incorporated in it' were not insurmountable. If there was a will to reach a test ban treaty, such procedural preferences would not prevent it.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

CHILDREN'S HOMEWORK

'AS WE WATCH our children sitting at their homework night after night many of us must wonder whether it is really necessary', said JANE R. DOBBIN in 'Parents and Children' (Network Three). 'After all, the child has been at school all day, can't he relax a bit more in the evening? The speed at which a child can integrate the new learning with his previous experience is highly individual. It is only at home that he can sort out his difficulties at his own rate. This is the reason teachers attach such importance to homework. It is planned by the school to allow children to practise at home on their own the lessons learned there.

'Even when we are ready to admit the value of homework many parents still ask themselves how much time should be spent on it. This varies with the age of the child and the type of school he attends. As a rough guide most grammar schools set approximately one hour for children aged eleven to twelve in the first form. This is usually divided up into a half-hour for each subject. Children of twelve to thirteen are expected to do one-and-a-half hours a night; the thirteens to fourteens in the third form of their school would have two hours; and by fifteen, two-and-a-half hours would be required. In the sixth form where wide reading is necessary homework will take longer, and the amount of work will vary from child to child. For the majority of children at secondary modern schools only thirty to forty minutes a night is required.

'Should we help our children with their homework or just leave them to get on with it? It may be easy to make the grammar-school child appreciate the need for homework; on the other hand, children at secondary modern schools often resent homework. Many of them, acutely conscious of failure at eleven-plus, have to be given a reason for learning, a reason which they can recognize as valid. It is a difficult problem, and particularly so for the twelves and thirteens who especially need our interest and supervision of their work. We may not be able to give much actual help unless we have specialized in a particular subject. Indirectly we can do a great deal by providing the child with somewhere quiet, warm, and well lit where he can study. Homework should be done at the same time each night, preferably in the early evening. It is easy just to glance at the child's work from time to time to see that it is neat and careful. Badly done, skimmed homework is not only valueless, it is actually harmful for it undoes all the teacher's efforts to instil good habits of work.

'Children under eleven take to homework more kindly because it is given only in small, irregular doses and never lasts for more than twenty minutes at a time; they find a sense of accomplishment and status in doing the work. If you have a child of this age you may feel that he is not being given enough homework to enable him to cope with the selection test at eleven-plus. Be guided by his teacher on this and do not ask for extra. Remember play is still important to his development and should have a definite place in his spare time. A little work before he is eleven will get the child into habits of working on his own which will help later on. The work he is

asked to do may be informal, the collection of information or material for history or nature study or it may be a small piece of imaginative writing or arithmetic; but he will most likely demand our help. This must be given willingly; and remembering how young the child is and how close are the ties between us, we must



Two paintings from the exhibition at the Glasgow Art Gallery: 'The Penny Wedding', by Sir David Wilkie—

Lent by H.M. The Queen

try not to get cross when he fails to grasp our explanation. Teachers find that more emotion is attached to number work than to any other subject, and any irritation on our part here can profoundly influence our child's future attitude to arithmetic. Whatever his age, our interest, influence, and in some cases actual help will enable him to obtain the greatest possible benefit from the study he does out of school hours'.

SCOTTISH PAINTINGS AT GLASGOW

'Until now there has not been an exhibition displaying the whole course of Scottish painting since that held at Burlington House in 1939', said R. H. WESTWATER in 'Arts Review' (Scottish Home Service). 'The present exhibition at Kelvingrove (open until November 30), organized entirely by the authorities of the Glasgow Art Gallery, is not so large as that earlier one, but it nevertheless succeeds, with its 200 exhibits, in presenting a very complete account of all the varying facets of painting in Scotland from the beginning of the seventeenth century up to 1940. What emerges clearly from the whole display is a marked individuality, very conservant with Scottish national characteristics.

'Until recently, at any rate, portraiture has played a principal role in Scottish art, and what can be seen here would certainly give us cause for regret if this should cease to be so. Allan Ramsay is well represented, particularly by the exquisite portrait of his second wife, a picture scarcely to be excelled in the whole range of British portraiture. One of the less familiar pictures is David Martin's "Provost George Murdoch" as trenchantly Scottish in manner as in subject. George Jamesone's late self-



—and 'The Painter's Wife', by Allan Ramsay

portrait, painted in the dawn of Scottish art, is a composition of remarkable boldness and originality for its era. Nearer our own time Alexander Roche's intimate figure study "Mrs. Roberts" and Sir James Guthrie's "Sir Frederick Gardiner" carry on the tradition most worthily.

'Landscape emerges later, but betrays the same hall-marks of energy and character, and even more emphatically, perhaps, the Scottish inclination for rich paint-quality and freedom of handling. Alexander Naysmith and the Rev. John Thomson of Duddingston pave the way for the full vigour of the nineteenth

top. Immediately below me on that huge cliff buttress, hundreds of thousands of kittiwakes were nesting. Every narrow ledge, every tiny projection on that dizzy face held the maximum number of nests it could possibly accommodate. The slightly larger ledges and niches provided breeding sites for razorbills and guillemots; the air was full of birds flying between cliffs and sea—whirling and gliding, fluttering, and swooping—and the effect was strangely vertiginous. It was as if an enormous feather pillow had burst, spilling its contents from the cliff-top. As I descended the spine of the rock ridge to the gully, I again disturbed countless puffins in and around their burrows. These clowns of the aerial circus, with their large, brightly coloured beaks, black-and-white plumage and orange feet, milled around me, their small wings whirring. The course of their flight was a vast circle. More and more birds joined the rotating throng until there was no break at all in the circular chain—it was a complete, if silent, puffin roundabout'.



The towering cliffs of Vedøy in the Arctic Circle, and, below, two specimens of the birds that inhabit the island: (left) a kittiwake and (right) a puffin

S. Cerey

century, when MacTaggart reigns supreme with several splendid examples. But perhaps nothing excels, either in sheer merit or sheer Scottishness, the various pictures of Sir David Wilkie: his "Blind Man's Buff", "Penny Wedding", and "Bride Robbing" are the very counterpart in paint of Burns's poetry'.

PUFFIN ROUNDABOUT

'Some seventy miles off the north-west coast of Norway and 100 miles within the Arctic Circle, there is an island called Vedøy', said STANLEY CERELY in a talk in the Home Service. 'It is not large—scarcely a mile in length—but its huge cliffs rise impressively from the sea like the ramparts of a medieval fortress. It is almost at the centre of a remarkable group of islets and rocks, collectively known as Røst. There are more than 300 of them scattered over an area roughly six miles by twelve.

'Røstland, the largest and the only inhabited island in the group, is flat, and it is studded with fresh-water and sea-water lagoons. It has a population of 800 which is chiefly engaged in fishing for cod, though bay whales and basking sharks are hunted. I landed on Vedøy last June from a small boat. My intention was to stay on the island for a minimum of six days. These islands form one of the largest breeding grounds for sea-birds in Europe. It is said that 4,000,000 birds are to be found here during the summer months.

'I set up my bivouac in a fairly sheltered spot on a grassy plateau about 100 feet above the sea, clear of the tumble of enormous boulders near the foot of the cliffs. Having made my little camp as comfortable as possible, I scrambled up a steep gully, disturbing many puffins as I did so. A few scuttled out of their earth burrows almost into my face; then by way of a sort of backbone ridge of steep rocks, I made my way to the cliff-



J. Allan Cash



tions were appalling asked the tiny motor boat which was standing by to assist any pilots who crashed into the sea: "Are you all right?" The reply came back instantly: "Yes, thank you, and thank God".

'Not all signals are spontaneous. Admiral Keyes admitted that the idea for his message on the eve of the attack on Zeebrugge in 1918 came from Lady Keyes. On that day (April 23) he sent to H.M.S. *Vindictive*: "St. George for England". And he got a quick reply: "May we give the dragon's tail a damned good twist".

'Even today such signals are still being sent. In a recent Nato exercise a too-daring destroyer rammed the Admiral's ship and had some difficulty in getting free.

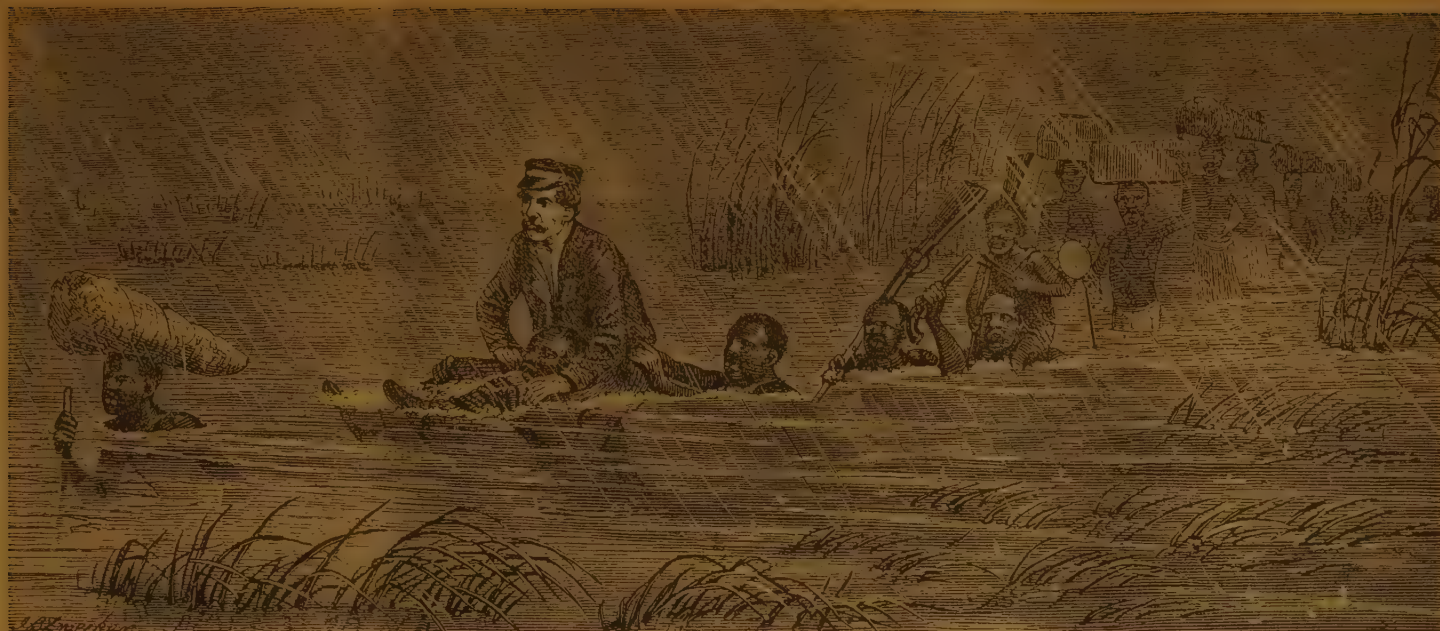
"What are you going to do now?" flashed the Admiral to the captain of the offending destroyer. "Buy a farm in the country" flashed back that unfortunate officer who saw his career ending quickly'.

SIGNALS OF THE SILENT SERVICE

"Sir, we have gained a great victory, but we have lost Lord Nelson". So spoke the post-chaise messenger who had galloped with the news of Trafalgar to the First Secretary at the Admiralty', said MICHAEL HUNT in 'Today' (Home Service).

'Why is it that the Royal Navy (traditionally known as the Silent Service) can in one sentence sum up so much emotion and drama? Another example is the signal from Admiral Cunningham, Commander in Chief, Mediterranean, during the last war to the Board of Admiralty: "Be pleased to inform their Lordships that the Italian Battle Fleet now lies at anchor under the guns of the fortress of Malta".

'In times of peace, too, messages flashed between ships have an aptness not found in other services. An aircraft carrier exercising its aircraft in the Clyde Estuary when weather condi-



David Livingstone being carried across a river during his exploration of central Africa in 1873: an illustration from his *Last Journals*

African Nationalism

The second of the Reith Lectures by MARGERY PERHAM
on 'The Colonial Reckoning'

IN my last talk I asked the question: 'What is the nature of the force that in less than a decade has swept the rule of Europe out of almost the whole of tropical Africa and has bred more than twenty new nations in its place?' The ready answer is 'African nationalism'. But how have the tribes of yesterday become the nations of today? Is this the kind of nationalism we have known during the last few centuries in the Europe where nationalism was bred, or something new? Nations have generally developed where peoples have had as their common possession territory, race, history, customs, language, religion and, at least in large measure, environment and way of life. These are only favouring conditions: a nation is made by the desire of people to come together into one state and this desire has been successfully asserted even without one or two of these conditions.

The astonishing fact about Africa is that nearly all its new nations lacked all these elements except two. One is race, and yet in some parts there are racial as well as tribal divisions as in Kenya, in Uganda and the Sudan. The other is common territory. But the territories were arbitrarily demarcated by alien powers only some sixty to seventy years ago: so arbitrarily that they sometimes cut right through important tribes. Moreover these boundaries enclosed scores, the larger even hundreds, of what were before completely independent units of all shapes and sizes. In Nigeria the British Government felt obliged to recognize 110 separate Native Administrations. Language also divides. There may be a dozen or more separate languages in one medium-sized country. In Nigeria, again, there are 248. Customs are often sharply distinct. Religion divides because animist religions were intimately linked with the ancestors of each group, and the entry of Islam and of Christianity has in places imposed new divisions. Further, because of immense physical contrasts, a single territory may enclose half-nomad pastoral tribes and settled cultivators, divergences far greater than can be found in European nations.

What of history, the long record of shared experience, perhaps the strongest cement of nationalism? With important exceptions, especially in West Africa, this hardly exists in the European sense. Most tribes or smaller groups share a belief in common ancestral heroes, and the memory of common wanderings in this fluid

continent. But such bonds may be dividing rather than uniting forces, for very rarely is one tribe large enough to support a viable national state.

Asians, too, have had their difficulties in creating their new states. Yet they had very large groups which shared ancient cultural unity and pride from a long history, a classic art and literature and famous and widespread religions of the book. True, the ultimate origins of all nations could be traced back to congeries of tribes slowly welded through the centuries. But in Africa tribalism has been preserved intact and on an immense scale right into the twentieth century.

The reason for this is found in one of the strangest facts in history. Here was a huge continent lying actually within sight of the ancient worlds of Asia and Europe. In its north-eastern corner one of the greatest of early civilizations was bred around the lower Nile, but its direct contact hardly seems to have spread south of the middle reaches of this great river. Africa's northern fringe became more the southern shore of Europe than its own northern border. Between this coastal belt and tropical Africa stretched the Sahara desert, growing ever more desiccated: a formidable obstacle to full communication though never a total barrier to the passage of migration, of ideas, including that of Islam, and of trade—though this was largely in slaves. But the contact was enough to breed a succession of large states in the Western Sudan. These ancient trans-Saharan links with the world and also the later more direct coastal contact with Europe since the Age of Discovery have given a long lead to the civilization of parts of West Africa.

But the great inner tropical bulk still remained almost entirely secret from its neighbouring continents, shut off from direct communication with their civilizations and even largely from their knowledge. It was long after Europeans had crossed the wide oceans to occupy the new worlds of America and Australia that they made effective entry into inner Africa. True, they sailed around Africa, they occupied the temperate Cape and the Mediterranean coastlands, and they made footholds here and there at other points of its coasts. But they did not know Negro-land, though they knew Negro slaves. It was guarded by its inhospitable, unindented coasts; by its breakers and offshore winds; by the

cataracts that broke the flow of its rivers; by desert and forest; by disease and by the apparent lack of any lures that might tempt Europeans to brave these multiple hostilities.

In the nineteenth century a few explorers, men of the highest courage and resolution, with heavy loss of life began the real, deep penetration of Africa, traced the Niger, saw the amazing tropical snows of Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya, and stumbled on the great lakes. Lake Nyasa found by Livingstone, Uganda and the Nile source waited to the seventh decade. It was only in 1877 that Stanley emerged from the first crossing of Africa at its equatorial girth on an expedition which took him some three years—and turned his hair white. And these pioneer explorations meant only the drawing of a few dotted lines across a highly conjectural map.

I realize vividly from my talks with Lugard that for many tribes the period from their first contact with the white man until today has been no more than the space of a single long lifetime. I have even once or twice myself been the first white woman to be seen by some groups.

The intrusion was late but the mastery which followed it was swift. The technological superiority of the Europeans ensured that. Their science gave them control of disease. Their steam powered the big ships needed for the bulky produce of the tropics and drove the trains along the rails which penetrated tropical Africa before the roads. The first white men must have seemed almost like gods. Much of the penetration was by consent and by very one-sided treaties. Opposition was sporadic. Only in Ashanti and the Sudan was it at all serious for Britain. To meet it there was the rifle and the field-gun, but above all the new machine-gun, light to carry and deadly in fire-power. A few bursts and its reputation quickly spread. There was some truth in Hilaire Belloc's couplet:

Whatever happens we have got
The maxim gun and they have not.

The suddenness and strength of this penetration meant taking over tribal Africa almost intact and confronting it with twentieth-century Europe. Africans sometimes suggest that their emancipation today is that of nations which the Europeans subjected. But that evades the basic historical fact which explains nearly every-

thing that has happened to Africans—the cruel trick which geography and history played upon them—and I might now say also upon us Europeans who so casually took over the responsibility for their problem continent.

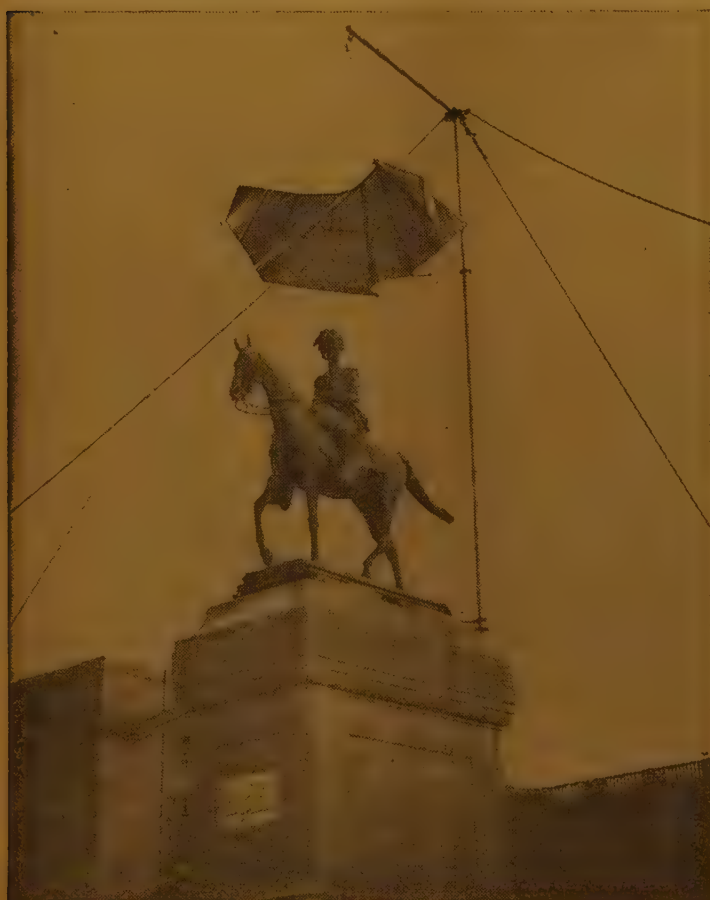
When at last Africans woke to self-consciousness it was to discover that as long as history recorded they had been ignored, enslaved, subjected, despised or patronized by the rest of the world. They did not, because they could not, feel this sense of indignity as a nation, or nations. They *could* feel it as tribes but it was more often felt by those already emerging from tribalism. These felt it in two ways, first as individuals, secondly as members of a race. This was because in form and colour Africans, perhaps we should say Negro Africans, are strikingly marked off from other races. If to be black was to be despised, they could never escape in this life from the livery of scorn. Thus their determination to gain their freedom was something entirely different from that of the Greeks or Poles, or Italians, who in the last century felt the shame of *their* subjection to alien rule not so much as individuals but as members of a conquered nation. Moreover, these peoples could feel themselves the equals or the superiors of the Turks, Russians, or Austrians who had subjected them. But the European rulers of Africa believed that Africans were not only almost immeasurably inferior to themselves in development but were inherently, permanently inferior as a race.

Here lay the fundamental damaging mistake. Science and experience, certainly my own personal experience of African pupils and friends, have taught most of us to abandon this view. We suspect that it was cherished by our predecessors largely because it seemed to justify the subjection, the indefinite subjection, of Africans. But we need not rebound to the opposite extreme and assume that the incoming Europeans had no reason at all for such a view as they explored the utter material poverty of most of Africa and tried to understand why such a vast region had remained so static while nearly all the rest of the world had in varying degrees advanced in civilization. With our growing knowledge of Africa, old and new, its sociology and its history, we can correct this European belief in African inferiority. But there can be no doubt about its immense and lasting influence upon both Africans and Europeans.

Africans woke slowly. Most of Britain's new subjects lay passively enclosed within her power, still shut off from the wider world. I travelled much in Africa between the wars, trekking widely on horse, foot or Model-T lorry away from centres and main roads. I never saw overt signs of discontent or antagonism; everywhere friendliness and curiosity. Colonial officials often accompanied me but they never hesitated a moment to let me trek and camp alone. In thirty years I have only once myself been given a police escort and that was in Kikuyu country during the Mau Mau rebellion. Only in one or two of the larger cities, up to about the middle nineteen-thirties, did the scanty vanguard of the young politically-minded define their discontents.

It looked like a colonial honeymoon, this period of acceptance: but not, in spite of appearances, of social health. The sinews which had held tribal life taut and virile had slackened in the wider peace and protection brought by the white man. Two acids were eating into the healthy cells of family and tribal life: the western money economy and Christian education, both of them weakening old cultures before they could construct the new. Boys left home and parents for school. Young men left wives and lands to earn wages, and both came back with new ideas and a disturbing independence of mind towards chiefs, elders, tribal religion, discipline, and magic. The standards of western education began to creep up in the schools, form by form. At last young men were ready for the great, the revolutionary, adventure of seeking higher education abroad, as young Indians had done before. They came first in a trickle, then in a flood, from the west coast—hardly appearing until the late nineteen-thirties from elsewhere. Today these students are better prepared for this adventure, more sophisticated. But the earlier generation in London and other universities passed through an experience which might be shattering.

They realized for the first time something of the standing in the world of Africa and of black people generally. Many, perhaps most, of them would run up against the colour bar and be deeply injured by the impact. Yet in many other contexts of their new life



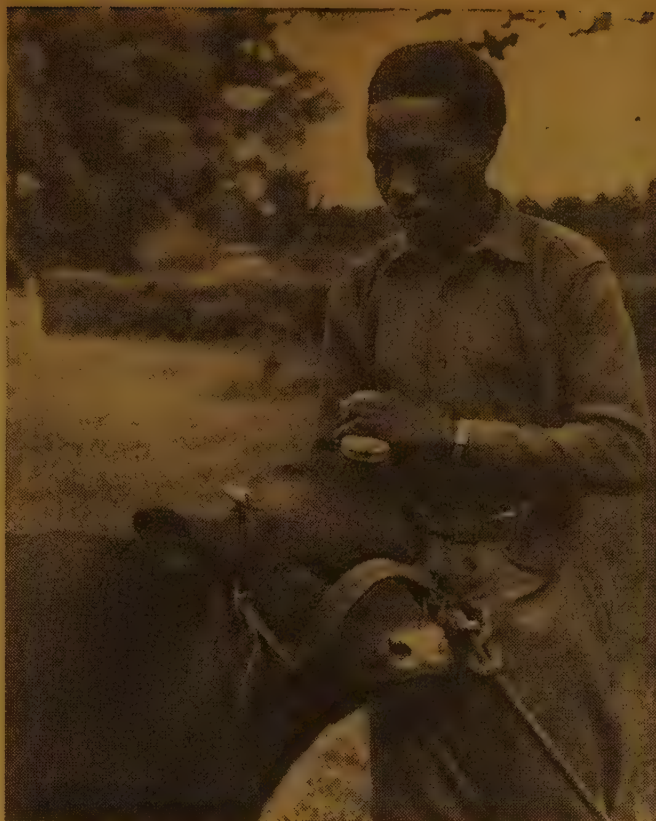
The statue of Lord Kitchener in Khartoum being covered before its removal from the city by the Sudanese Government in 1958

they would enjoy a sense—a conflicting sense—of freedom and equality, a higher standard of life, and new intellectual and social adventures. They had learned English at school and the record of the English assertion of liberties from Magna Carta to the Reform Act of 1832 and beyond. Now they could actually observe our free political life and the workings of our civil liberties. Some of them might enter into an equal association with white women and perhaps experience the supreme racial compensation of sexual intercourse with them. By the end they might find themselves cruelly polarized between a far greater racial anger and a far stronger determination—and hope—to escape from it.

Our student would return to Africa. What might he meet? The fact of the subjection of his people to a few white officials, which he would now see with new eyes. And he would have the shock of seeing, also with new eyes, the poverty and—by western standards—the ignorance of his own people. And yet had he not proved by his own academic achievement the intellectual equality of his race? He might find escape from his almost intolerable anger or sorrow by projecting not a part, but perhaps the whole, blame for them upon the white man, and especially upon the ruling power. A further blow might befall him: either the refusal of the good official post he felt he had so strenuously earned, or appointment to a white man's post with inferior pay and conditions. This discrimination, especially in early days, might have some reasons behind it. But perhaps no grievance has been so effective in deepening the already deep enough bitterness of the new intelligentsia. It might almost be said that as a result of all their experiences many of these young men, these few potential leaders, were in a pathological state of mind.

Is it surprising, then, that they began to see only one way of escape from their intolerable sense of personal and racial humiliation? This was to gain independence from the white man's control, to awaken the apparently docile masses, who had not shared their experiences and who accepted the white man's rule as part of a new immutable order. They must break this spell of subjection, organize the new discontents into a movement for self-government, create a nationalism of a new kind, one which Lord Hailey has called 'Africanism'. For these young men could not regard their haphazard blocks of Africa, containing tribes different from and even repugnant to their own, with the emotions of a nationalist. It was, I repeat, as individuals, as members of a race, humiliated if not oppressed, that the masses must be aroused. The leaders could start in the towns where men of several tribes were thrown together in a bewilderment and discontent that was beginning to transcend tribalism. Today the rest of the world is seeking to sublimate nationalism. But how else could the Africans have sought to integrate their small broken societies and regain their lost sense of autonomy and dignity.

The hopes of a handful of pioneer nationalists must at first have seemed pretty small. Yet there were some favourable conditions. British colonial governments presented no monolithic front of unbending negation, still less of sustained repression. And in Britain herself there were sympathizers especially, but by no means solely, in the Labour Party. The party had at first been a little uncertain of its policy, whether it should end or mend the empire. But during the nineteen-thirties its members became increasingly well informed and constructive. Mr. Creech-Jones, and later Mr. Fenner Brockway and others, became almost 'mem-



A student from Sierra Leone learning British methods of farming at the College of Agriculture, Usk, Monmouthshire.

bers' for the colonies. Their wide correspondence and contacts with colonial leaders allowed them to ask awkward and detailed parliamentary questions and to make weighty contributions to debates. The party, without being communist with a capital 'C', was deeply influenced by communism—and who among us has not been? This increased their fellow-feelings with the colonists as the under-dogs of capitalist exploitation. They could approach imperial questions with a sense of detachment, of innocence. I remember once flying south from Cairo with a Labour minister. At the Khartoum halt we strolled at night along the Nile, past the superbly confident bronze Kitchener on his charger. I wondered aloud how long it would stand, this statue we had put there. 'We did not put it there', said my companion. Thus the Labour opposition could offer advice and encouragement to the African dissidents, a safety valve which, as with India also, may have prevented many reformists from turning rebels.

During the nineteen-thirties, also, the Africans could watch the growing strength of India's advance to independence and 'Congress' became a word and inspiration far outside its Asian home.

But the shell of colonial power was being chipped away by more powerful forces from outside than from inside the empire, to the great encouragement of the African nationalism just stirring within that shell. In the first world war Africans fought and died and Africa provided some battlefields. But this had only limited political effects. But the League of Nations Covenant, with its reference to backward peoples 'not yet able to stand alone in the modern world', held a distant hint of promise.

The inter-war years were marked by two world events painfully relevant to Africa. Italy wantonly and cruelly invaded Ethiopia—the only ancient independent black kingdom of Africa, a kind of Zion to all those Negroes who had first awoken to their subjection. They projected their emotions upon the far-away kingdom where, had they known it, Negroes were still enslaved. The cult led to semi-religious manifestations called Ethiopianism. West Africa also had its reactions. 'Let Abyssinia, the only black kingdom, be shattered', cried a Gold Coast newspaper, 'and all our hopes will be doomed'. But perhaps nothing is more instructive than the immediate reaction of the young Nkrumah, just arrived in London, when he saw the placard: 'Mussolini invades Ethiopia'. 'At that moment', he writes, 'it was almost as if the whole of London had declared war on me personally'. He glared at each impassive face, wondering if those people could realize the wickedness of colonialism. 'My nationalism surged to the fore. I was ready to go through hell itself if need be in order to achieve my object'. Here, indeed, is nationalism with a difference, aroused by the sense of common race with distant and unknown Ethiopia.

The second event was Hitler's demand for the return of the colonies taken from Germany in the first world war. Some public men, later branded as 'appeasers', felt that surrender might at least be preferable to another world war. But the issue was soon entangled in ideology. German spokesmen revived a theme that lay deep in some German pseudo-philosophies which had exalted the right of a master-race, the *Herrenvolk*, to rule. Britain was despised for losing this will to rule, for betraying Nordic man. Hitler ridiculed the weak ideas of trying to civilize the barbarous peoples or of allowing the Indians to govern themselves. In *Mein Kampf* he had said that 'it was a sin against all reason . . . a criminal madness to train a born semi-ape to become a lawyer'.

The Africans, and again, especially the West Africans, listened to this debate from the side lines. But by this time the voices of diplomacy were drowned by the guns, they had heard Britain reject the Nazi ideas of race and advertise her own promise of ultimate self-government for Africans.

During the war Britain's lone stand may have been heroic but it was a time of retreat and of colonial loss in Asia. She had to rely upon the loyalty and support of her African subjects, to ask sacrifices of their manpower and in their economic life. This subtly altered her relationship with them. And the end of the war tilted the balance still further. British imperial power was now seen to have been the result of a unique opportunity, and it showed a relative diminution when her two giant allies stalked together into the international arena in their awakened strength. In their different ways each Colossus was antagonistic to British imperialism. Mr. Wendell Willkie flew round the world and informed it, quite truly, that it was now one. But he also said that everywhere he found America was respected because she was free from the taint of the hated imperialism. It happened that late in the war I was in the United States lecturing, in the attempt not, indeed, to question the fine surge of idealism there, but to correct distorted views of Britain's colonial record. Some American voices were being raised to advise Britain to quit fighting a war to preserve her empire and to join America and Russia in fighting the real war for freedom. India was then in question rather than Africa, and one well-known writer warned America to stand aloof from Britain in Asia and so avoid having turned against herself 'the fearful hatred of the coloured races and the blaze in their dark eyes'. In the current mood it was not always easy to deal with some of my audiences. In Chicago I found that although Queen Anne might be dead, George III was not. But the pressure of our great ally could not be ignored. I am sure that it greatly

increased both African hopes and our own readiness to speed up the process of emancipation.

America somewhat modified her attitude before long. But the other great ally-turned-rival did not. I must refer to this again, but let us remark here that Russian influence has played upon the Empire in three ways. First as a theoretical attack upon what was called economic imperialism. Secondly as an example of what communism could achieve in a huge country which resembled much of the dependent world in its industrial backwardness, its sprawling disunity and the illiteracy and agricultural stagnation of its peasantry. Its achievement, a real one however much idealized by propaganda, had a penetrating effect upon peoples who had been enclosed within a bilateral relationship with their rulers. Hitherto they had seen advance only in terms of following in Britain's footsteps with Britain's help, and therefore at Britain's pace. But now Russia offered not only a condemnation of colonialism but also an alternative. Russia's third form of influence was by direct political intervention, which now had a chance to play an increasingly effective part in an awakening Africa.

Finally, far more than the old League of Nations, the United Nations Organization provided a sounding board for the attack upon colonialism and also established new principles and agencies with the help of which the attack could now be pressed home.

These are some of the converging events and influences which turned the world into a hot-house for the forced and rapid growth of African nationalism. We have looked at this growth in terms of ideas and emotions. We have still to see how it expressed itself in terms of politics. We have viewed it, too, from the African side, and must consider within what administrative and constitutional forms Britain tried to contain and develop these forces and how she ultimately handled the final critical process of political emancipation.—*Home Service*

A Greater Malaysia?

By ANTHONY LAWRENCE, B.B.C. Far East correspondent

A NOTABLE feature of countries emerging from colonial status is that they find themselves wanting to merge with others into more powerful states. The Prime Minister of Malaya, Tunku Abdul Rahman, for example, has a plan for merging Malaya, Singapore, and the British Borneo territories into a Greater Malaysia, and has been discussing this subject in London.

The governments of both Malaya and Singapore are strongly in favour of the plan for merger. For Tunku Abdul Rahman and his Malayan Government it means the chance of containing and suppressing communism in Singapore; for the non-communist Singapore Prime Minister, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, it means political survival. But what about the feeling in the under-developed Borneo territories? When I visited the area last month I found nobody fanatically opposed to the plan for federation and few people actively for it. Most people simply did not know. Among those who are suspicious of the whole idea are the overseas Chinese who, in the three British Borneo territories, number altogether about 350,000, or well over a quarter of the total population. They seem to be afraid that under a new federal government, dominated by Malays, they would be rather second-class citizens, and many of them are doing well in business under British colonial rule and would like things to continue as at present. But Malays I spoke to were mostly in favour of the idea, at least in principle; they number about 250,000. The other races for the most part do not know what to think. They are unsophisticated when it comes to politics and are used to asking the advice of British officials.

That, however, is a rough picture: Borneo is a place of such variation when it comes to social conditions and political thinking that for every man I met who had one point of view I could always find two or three others who would say the opposite. There was a young Chinese in Kuching, capital of Sarawak, Secretary-General of a mainly Chinese party—the Sarawak United People's Party—which is strongly suspected of communist influence. His view was: 'Give us self-government here first, then we can do the

bargaining with Malaya about this new federation idea. This is not something the British should be concerned with'. In Brunei an intelligent Malay civil servant said: 'Yes, we favour federation in principle. But what about our oil revenues? Under the present Malayan constitution this is one of the matters controlled by the Federal Government in Kuala Lumpur. We could not possibly agree to handing over our oil revenues if we joined Malaysia'.

The Prime Minister of Brunei told me he could not comment on the plan, as no official proposals had yet been received from Kuala Lumpur. Wherever I went, the usual reaction was that it is not possible to take a stand on the merger plan until the Malayan Government has published more details; but it is clear that important decisions will have to be taken one way or another.

First, the British authorities, who are still responsible for these colonial territories, with their multi-racial peoples, cannot just hand them over without asking the people whether they agree to this or not. The decision has also to be taken on whether to give the people self-government first and let them do their own bargaining with Tunku Abdul Rahman. The second point that is now becoming clear is that if a new federation is to be formed, then the constitution of the present Federation of Malaya will have to be partly re-written, and the new constitution will have to take account of the fears and wishes of the new federation's members. For instance, Brunei will be concerned not only about its oil revenues but also about the danger of unrestricted Chinese immigration from Singapore. This question of immigration is also of concern to North Borneo and Sarawak, and some people in both these territories are worried to some extent about the idea of Malay officials arriving to take over key jobs.

It is expected that more will be known of the merger scheme after Tunku Abdul Rahman has had his talks with the British Government in London. Safeguards for the Borneo peoples will certainly be considered along with possibly a more vital question—the future of the big British bases in Singapore, maintained now at an estimated annual cost of about £100,000,000 sterling.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

The Plain Man—II

What is Emancipation?

By RICHARD WOLLHEIM

IN a famous essay Immanuel Kant posed himself the question 'What is Enlightenment?' as though he wished to penetrate the distinctive character, the distinctive preoccupation, of his age. And the answer he gave was in the form of a device or motto, which he and his fellow-thinkers might well have inscribed upon the banner under which they marched. It was *Sapere aude*: a quotation from Horace: 'Dare to know'. Professor Franco Venturi has recently reconstructed for us the history of this quotation during the first few hundred years of modern Europe, and has illustrated most revealingly and amusingly the vicissitudes through which it passed on its way to becoming an international slogan from being a mere learned device adopted in turn by various groups of advanced thinkers, eccentrics, and amateurs of thought. It is not, however, necessary to be acquainted with the full story of this tag—as it is, in the history of ideas, with some others—to see its significance for its age. For this derives directly from its literal meaning: 'dare to know'.

The seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries were periods of emancipation: they were periods during which a very high value was set upon the liberated individual. And the principal means by which it was thought this emancipation would be brought about was the acquisition of knowledge. The mind would be liberated when the various alien forces that were occupying it had been expelled, and the method of their expulsion was to be the growth and diffusion of knowledge.

The Growth of Knowledge

Bernard Williams in his talk* has already indicated the various ways in which this growth of knowledge was conceived, depending upon what particular view was held of the powers and faculties of the human mind that knowledge presupposed. On one view knowledge required a very subtle and abstruse power which was only likely to be possessed by people of great talents and of high education. On another view the growth of knowledge presupposed, once again, the exercise of a well-trained and cultivated faculty, but this faculty was no longer supposed to be the monopoly of some kind of élite: it was part of the human equipment. And on yet another view the growth of knowledge depended basically upon preserving intact certain habits of mind, certain animal beliefs, which are the universal birthright of mankind, but which might be disturbed either by a certain kind of moral degeneration or by excessive exposure to intellectual sophistication. Each of these conceptions of intellectual development, with its corresponding conception of the mental powers on which this development is based, is reflected in the philosophy of the age. The first view, of intellectual advance as presupposing some rare and rarefied talent, is reflected in the Rationalist systems. The second view, which sees intellectual advance as open to all who have benefited from education or mental training, is reflected in the Empiricist philosophies of which Locke and Condillac and one part of Humean theory would be typical. And the third view of knowledge, as something of which all men are essentially capable but of which an excess of civilization might deprive them, finds at any rate its correlate in the other part of Humean theory and less formally in Rousseau.

But however the development of knowledge is conceived, the necessary connexion that is invariably held to exist between it and human emancipation shows clearly how enlightened thinkers thought of this process of emancipation. The enthralled mind is the slave of various masters: each of these masters is quite discrete or distinct, and each is fully external to the mind. There is religion, there is superstition, there is conventional morality, there is political authoritarianism, and to these the nineteenth and twentieth centuries were to add class, and nationality, and perhaps morality itself. The process of emancipation for the

enlightened thinker consists of the successive or the simultaneous onslaught upon these oppressors of the mind by means of the acquisition of knowledge. Knowledge of a certain kind will destroy the hold of religion: knowledge of another kind will destroy the hold of superstition: knowledge of yet another kind will destroy the authority of kings and tyrants. The order in which these various repressive authorities are taken on and dealt with is really a matter, in the most general sense, of convenience. And the suggestion is that when all these external authorities have been dealt with, when their shackles have been broken and cast off, then the man who has performed the task for himself will be the fully emancipated man.

Inadequate Ideal?

Already in the nineteenth century there are suggestions that this ideal of emancipation is not regarded as really adequate. I am not referring to those movements which totally rejected the idea of emancipation as such. What I have in mind are those thinkers or schools of thought which were at least as fully committed to the ideal of emancipation as any eighteenth-century *philosophe*, but who yet did not conceive the process as a kind of piecemeal assault upon external authorities: or at any rate who contained within their thought elements that worked against this conception.

Consider, for instance, the highly historical interpretation of thought or knowledge that we find in Comte, whereby human speculation is held to pass through three great historical phases: the animistic, the metaphysical or religious, and the scientific. This view does not disturb the idea that the agents of oppression or enslavement are external to the mind, but what it does do is to make the tactic of engaging them and destroying them one by one appear no longer universally valid. For emancipation it now seems requires some sort of general pre-condition: namely, that the mind must have attained to the state of scientific thought. And it is not clear that this is something that can be achieved at will, simply by the kind of resolute defiance to which the Enlightenment attached such value. In Marx the challenge to the old ideal of enlightenment from a historicist way of thinking becomes extreme: indeed so extreme as to produce a crisis in his actual programme. For, on the one hand, in his scheme the various historical phases of speculation or more generally of 'consciousness' become knit into so tight, so rigidly determined a sequence, that it is difficult to see how even the boldest thinker, the most embattled champion of emancipation could jump over or transcend it: and at the same time the different external authorities, against whom he is engaged, have now become ranged in so close an alliance that it would be not merely difficult, but quite unprofitable, to assault them singly. On the other hand—and this is where the crisis arises—Marx gives the call for emancipation an urgency, a dramatic import, that virtually no eighteenth-century thinker would have endowed it with. To liberate oneself from the illusions of the epoch, to enter into the true consciousness has by now become a kind of messianic duty, whose significance is in no way diminished by the fact that it seems to be for all except those who have been favourably placed by history a virtual impossibility.

External Oppressors

So the old ideal of emancipation becomes eroded. But observe that the oppressors from whom man needs to be liberated are still external to him. The simple acquisition of knowledge may no longer be all that effective a weapon against them, and they may be banded together in such a way that it is no longer practicable to assault them individually. But they remain hostile forces

beyond the frontiers of the mind. I want to suggest that in our age even this picture has been radically challenged.

Nowadays there is a tendency to think of the various false beliefs, superstitions, prejudices which confine the mind, not as something coming from outside, but as something imposed from within. The non-emancipation of man is regarded as a sign or symptom of his own internal disorder, his own inner disturbances. The various shackles against which the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries rebelled are placed upon the mind by itself, and it is the duty and the prerogative of the mind itself to break them.

Public Mould for Private Chains

To say this is not of course to deny that the various means or agencies by which the mind is enthralled have a public, indeed an institutional, aspect. It is not the case, for instance, that every neurotic invents his own set of religious beliefs for himself—although, as certain case-histories make clear to us, some neurotics are or have been quite as inventive in this respect as the great founders of the universal religions of the world. But by and large the chains that the mind imposes upon itself have been cast in some public mould: they derive their shape and form from a social pattern. The question then arises: What is the force, what is the significance of saying that the task of emancipation is that of liberating oneself not from forces outside oneself but from forces within—if this evident fact, namely that the oppressive forces *have* a public character, is admitted.

But, first, a word of explanation. When I refer to a modern conception of emancipation what I have in mind is one deeply influenced by psycho-analysis and in particular by the work of Freud. Nothing that I say about it is to be taken as referring directly to Freud. For within Freud's thought on the subject of human liberation there are many variants. In part this derives from the way his views changed over the many years of his working life: in part it is to do with the essential ambiguity in Freud's own conception of himself, torn as he was between seeing himself as scientist and seeing himself as liberator. The conception I have in mind I shall, then, refer to generally as psycho-analytic but without intending this to be a conception which does full justice to the complexity, to the variety, of Freud's own magisterial thought.

To go back then to my question: How can the psycho-analytic conception regard the process of emancipation as essentially a private struggle when at the same time it admits, as it must, the public nature of the ideas against which the struggle is maintained? And the answer I think lies in a particular idea of priorities to which this conception subscribes. For it believes that the assault upon superstition and prejudice to which earlier thinkers attached such significance is bound to be unavailing until the mind has first put itself in order. In other words, before the power of oppressive beliefs can be effectively destroyed, the need for such beliefs must be eliminated from the mind.

Deep Need for Belief

And this is so, because the need for these beliefs goes very deep; indeed, in the case of any particular belief that has really maintained a hold over the mind, the need goes too deep for us to identify it, as earlier thinkers had tended to do, by reference to the content of the belief. The need, say, for religious belief is too deep for us to characterize it simply as a need for religion or 'the religious need'. The need is of a far more primitive and basic kind, and the complex and evolved imagery and dogma, which fill out the content of most religion, is a kind of conscious elaboration and refinement upon very simple objects of desire. Freud compares the way in which developed religion becomes articulated to the 'dream-work': the complex process by which the mind in a dream works up the story or manifest content so that it can express the deep wishes that form its latent content.

But if the need for these oppressive beliefs is always very deep, deeper than their manifest content, then this also has another consequence, inimical to the old ideal of emancipation. For it now seems as if the tactic of taking on the oppressors one by one is not merely difficult, or even unprofitable, it is (as a tactic) unrealistic. For in one sense all these oppressors are one in that

they all can serve as vehicles of the same instinctual demands.

We have already seen some approximation to this conception in the teaching of Marx. Marx believed that in pre-communist or class society morality, religion, law, economic, and political theory, even the arts and sciences in some respects, have all ultimately the same purpose: that of preserving the *status quo*. But he did not believe that they did so interchangeably. They all wear the same uniform, but they cannot necessarily do duty each for the other. In Freud's speculations about society, on the other hand, the various 'illusions' have a kind of equivalence which would suggest the practical futility of submitting them to individual critiques. Since they correspond to the same needs, then from one point of view, that is to say from the point of view of emancipation, they just *are* the same.

We have now come full circle from the programme of the *philosophes*. For whereas they thought that the condition of servitude was that of submission to several distinct, external authorities, and that the proper method of emancipation from this servitude was the acquisition of knowledge about external reality, on the modern view the oppressor to whom man is in servitude is one, is unitary, and is moreover internal to himself—man is no longer master in his own house, in Freud's striking phrase. And accordingly the proper method of emancipation is not increased knowledge about the world, but self-knowledge.

Freud and Religion

But I do not want to imply that this psycho-analytical conception is necessarily a quietist one—although it has sometimes been twisted, particularly in America, into a quietist direction. Freud never suggested, nor is there anything in his work that suggests, that the detached intellectual criticism of systems of thought or belief to which many subscribe is in itself misguided. He himself spoke out more than once against conventional morality and against religion: religion he seems to have regarded with as deep and as sustained a hatred as any French free thinker of the eighteenth century. But from the point of view of emancipation, as opposed that is to the point of view simply of truth or (as he called it) reality value, Freud was deeply affected by two considerations which suggested that the old programme of the *philosophes* was wrongly conceived.

The first is that the various illusions from which historically man has suffered are so blatantly false or absurd that the great movements of human emancipation cannot have been waiting for someone to point out their falsehood or their absurdity. At one point in the *Future of an Illusion*, a noble work full of self-questioning and subtle reasoning about what can be hoped for from the criticism of religion, Freud refers to one of his sons who, he says, 'was distinguished at an early age by a peculiarly marked sense of reality'. When the children were read fairy stories he would ask 'Is this a true story?' and when told that it wasn't, he 'would turn away with an air of disdain'. 'It is to be expected', Freud goes on, 'that men will soon behave in like manner towards the religious fairy stories', 'It is to be expected'—meaning that there is no good reason why they should not, no good reason against which the intrepid defender of free thought could struggle. And yet they would not, he also knew—because as long as they really need religion, they will not ask or be made to ask whether it is true.

The other consideration that seems to have affected Freud in his estimate of the old eighteenth-century programme is the fact that the healthy, the emancipated man will naturally, as it were instinctively, reject the historical illusions of the race. He will not have to be persuaded to do so, he will not require convincing that they are false, for nothing else will occur to him. To put it another way: The Enlightenment was convinced that the criticism of false and insidious beliefs was a way of bringing about the condition of emancipation. To Freud, on the other hand, such criticism was a sign or symptom of emancipation: being a sign or symptom, how could it be a means of bringing it about?

Of course—and this is the note on which I should like to end—nothing in this new conception of emancipation does anything to depreciate or devalue those intellectual activities by means of which it used to be thought emancipation could be achieved. On the contrary, it might be said that they become transformed from

mere means to ends; no longer are they merely agencies of cleansing the mind, they are the ways in which intellectual cleanliness shows itself. It is sometimes rather obscure to see what the *philosophes* and the great figures of the Enlightenment thought the emancipated man would be like: we are told much about his education—a great notion in eighteenth-century thought

—but little about him. In the Freudian conception on the other hand we learn much about the emancipated man: for he is the person in whom the various partial ideals of the ages find their synthesis. He is the artist, the thinker, the man of pleasure, the critic. For all these ideals no longer relate simply to his coming into being, to his salvation, they characterize his life.

—*Third Programme*

Touch and the Octopus

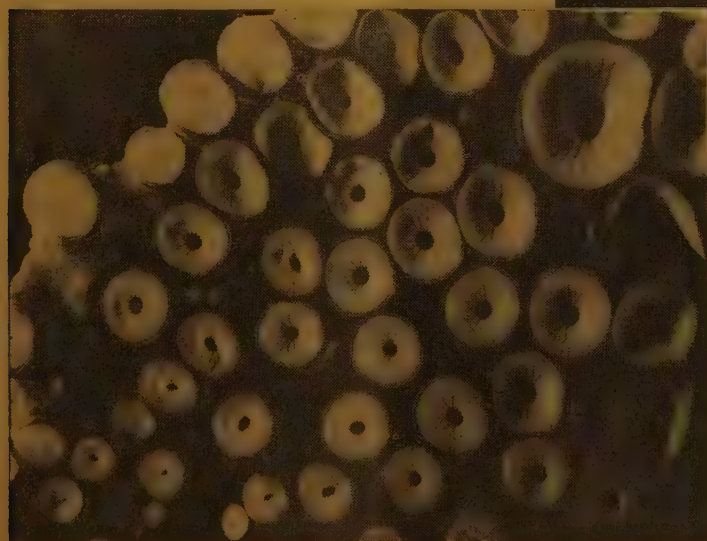
By MARTIN WELLS

THE world that we think we live in depends on the sense organs we have for detecting the changes that occur around us. It also depends upon the capacity of our brains to sort out the mass of data that our sensory instruments provide—it depends on what is extracted as relevant.

In particular, our conception of the world around us depends upon the extent to which our nervous system is capable of integrating all this different information, in order to build up a picture of what is going on outside. If we can both see and hear a thing, we shall know more about it if we can add up the information from our eyes and ears as we go along than if we merely use one sense at a time. In cases like this the whole is often more than the sum of the parts.

As a zoologist I am interested in this question of putting two and two together to make five, because although most animals seem to do it to some extent, the way that they do it is often rather different from the way that we would. And because the worlds that they construct for themselves are thereby rather different from ours, animals not infrequently behave in ways that seem to us bizarre. It is clearly important to know about these other worlds if

curiously enough, that this is a very quick-learning animal. If you present it with two objects, feeding it for taking one of them and punishing it (by means of small electric shocks) for taking the other, an octopus will quickly learn to discriminate between the two. For an easy discrimination, say between a smooth object



An octopus and (left) a close-up view of its suckers

From 'Kingdom of the Octopus' by Frank Lane (Jarrolds)

and one that is rough all over, only twenty or so trials are needed to achieve a near-perfect performance.

If an animal fails to learn to distinguish between two objects under conditions in which it readily learns to distinguish between two others, it is fair to assume that the objects it cannot be taught to separate appear alike to it. In the same way we can rate the similarity of any two objects so far as the octopus is concerned by the number of errors that it makes in learning to distinguish between them. From a whole series of such experiments we can hope to deduce the basis on which the animal classifies the things it touches.

When I started doing experiments with octopuses I assumed that they would be able to distinguish between shapes by touch, because I already knew they could do so by sight. So I began by investigating their capacity to distinguish between objects of differing texture. I made a series of plastic cylinders identical in size and weight, but differing in their surface texture. The cylinders had grooves cut into them running either along the length or around the circumference. The intervals between the grooves varied from one cylinder to the next. Other cylinders had grooves running both up and down and around them to form patterns on the surface.

we are to understand why animals do what they do. I myself work on octopuses: and because octopuses have many arms, I have started by working on touch, trying to find out what an octopus can discover about the world around it by feeling things over. This, it turns out, is a case where an animal with sense organs capable of collecting much the same sorts of information as our own nevertheless comes up with some completely different answers. The tactile world of an octopus is wholly foreign to us, but we can only hope to understand how it (or any other animal) behaves in terms of the world as the animal perceives it.

The main reason for choosing the octopus to work on is,

The results of training octopuses to distinguish between pairs of these cylinders were not at all what I had at first expected them to be. For a start the animals consistently failed to discriminate between cylinders with grooves running round them, and cylinders with grooves running along the length—up and down them. These two feel very different to us. Nor was it possible to train octopuses to distinguish between cylinders differing in surface pattern—objects which again feel entirely distinct to us. What the octopuses could do, and do very well, was to discriminate between objects differing in the frequency of the grooves cut into them. For instance, they readily distinguished between a cylinder with one-millimetre grooves spaced two millimetres apart, and one with the grooves three millimetres apart. This is a small difference and it is surprisingly difficult for us to detect, although the octopus manages it easily. Indeed, as the experiments went on it became increasingly clear that the only difference between the cylinders so far as the octopus was concerned was this difference in the spacing of the grooves—that is, in roughness. Everything else remained undetected by them. This was rather baffling. But there is, it seems, a straightforward explanation that is perhaps best illustrated by reference to another series of discrimination experiments with the octopus, this time on the animal's capacity to distinguish between objects of differing weight.

No Distinction of Weight

If you try to train an octopus to distinguish between two objects of different weight, you find rather surprisingly that it cannot be taught at all. In the particular series of experiments I have in mind, plastic cylinders were used again, and one of the pair to be distinguished was drilled out and filled with lead so that it weighed nine times as much as the other. It was sufficiently heavy for the animal to have considerable difficulty in lifting it, yet the octopus failed altogether to learn to distinguish it from the very much lighter cylinder.

But consider how we would make the same discrimination. How do we tell the weight of an object we pick up? Obviously, there are all sorts of ways we *could* be doing it, but the most likely explanation seems to be that we can recognize the amount of tension in the muscles we use. It is a case of internal receptors, buried in the muscles, giving information indirectly about an outside event. Suppose an octopus had not got any such receptors, or, having such receptors, was in some way unable to learn to recognize the information they provided? This would certainly explain the failure in weight-discrimination experiments, but what about the experiments on texture with the grooved cylinders?

The important thing to remember about this is that an octopus is, above all, a flexible animal. It has no hard parts other than a horny beak and a small piece of cartilage round the brain, so there are almost unrestricted possibilities for movement. The animal has eight arms and 2,000-odd suckers on these arms. Each sucker is on the end of a movable stalk. If the animal cannot use information from internal stretch receptors in its muscles, it will not be able to define the relative positions of the sense organs on the suckers that it uses to pick up an object. It will not, for example, be able to define the pattern or the orientation of grooves cut into a cylinder. But it will be able to tell what proportion of sense organs are excited even if it cannot detect their relative positions. So that it will be able to make discriminations in roughness: as, indeed, it does.

Two further sets of experiments confirm this apparent failure to take into account information from internal receptors. One confirmation comes from the fact that it has so far proved impossible to train octopuses to distinguish between objects of different shape by touch. This, again, is what you would expect if they cannot tell how their arms are bent round the things that they handle. The other confirmation comes, curiously enough, from experiments on the visual responses of octopuses. Octopuses can be trained to distinguish between shapes by sight. They can, for example, be taught to come up and grab a plastic rectangle when it is shown with its long axis vertical, while avoiding the same rectangle shown horizontally. But it seems they can do this only if the eyes remain right way up. It is possible to upset the orientation of the eyes by removing the animal's balancing organs—the statocysts. The orientation of the eyes then depends upon how the animal happens to be sitting. But the creature still behaves

as if the eyes were always the right way up. When the eye is at right-angles to the position which it regularly held before the operation, a vertical rectangle is mistaken for a horizontal one, and vice versa.

This is a sort of mistake that we ourselves would never make because we always take into account which way up we are when we identify the orientation of things that we see. Even after the destruction of both labyrinths—our equivalent of the octopus's statocysts—a man can still tell which way up he is from the distribution of load in the muscles of his body.

Again the simplest hypothesis is that the octopus fails because it is unable to take into account information from internal receptors. That is not to say that it has none. An octopus must have some receptors in its muscles if it is to control the movements of parts of its own body as it walks or swims. It must have stretch receptors because if you pull an octopus's leg it pulls back. What the failure to use this information in learning means is that octopuses are built with an economy of organization not found in vertebrates. Internal receptors in octopuses are available for reflex control in the regulation of movement, which cannot proceed without them. But the octopus manages without relaying all this to the parts of the brain which are concerned in learning and memory retention. The ancestors of the octopus were on this earth many millions of years before the first vertebrates, and they are still managing nicely without taking information from internal receptors into account when they learn things.

But by being economic in this way they have cut themselves off from all sorts of possibilities that are available to us, more extravagantly designed, vertebrates. They cannot, for example, learn to make skilled movements. For all their intelligence, for all the speed with which they learn, they never have been, and never will be, able to manipulate things as we can. Perhaps this is why I am giving this talk about octopuses, and not vice versa.

—Network Three

THE LISTENER and B.B.C. Television Review

next week will be a

CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

and will include:

Neville Chamberlain. By Iain Macleod

Reviewed by C. L. Mowat

Picasso's Picassos. By David Douglas Duncan

Reviewed by Sir Anthony Blunt

The Fifteenth Century. By Ernest F. Jacob

Reviewed by Geoffrey Barraclough

A. E. Housman: selected prose

Reviewed by Hugh Lloyd-Jones

The Story of Fabian Socialism. By Margaret Cole

Reviewed by Raymond Williams

The English Gentleman. By Simon Raven

Reviewed by Peter Fleming

The Forest People. By Colin Turnbull

Reviewed by Geoffrey Gorer

Courage of Genius. By Robert Conquest

Reviewed by Michael Futrell

The Carracci Exhibition

By QUENTIN BELL

THE Carracci Exhibition now being shown at the Hatton Gallery, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne, is a superb affair which reflects the greatest credit upon everybody concerned and provides a splendid opportunity for surveying the work of these late sixteenth-century masters. A large collection of drawings, to which has been added a few paintings, has been selected and hung with great care and discrimination. The visitor who enters the hall of the Department of Fine Art preparatory to entering the gallery itself should pause in front of the photographs of paintings by the Carracci which he will find there. In this way he may form a rough estimate of the pictorial character of the two brothers, Annibale and Agostino, and of their cousin Ludovico. Agostino is the only one who appears academic in the true sense of the word; that is to say, he is a painter of a quiet and well-regulated nature. Annibale is much stronger, his work more highly organized and more adventurous in its use of space. Ludovico is also adventurous, but lacks the compact quality of his cousin: his adventures are more uncertain and much closer to Mannerism. Annibale is the greatest of the three, even though he worries one by his disturbing changes of scale, changes which make it difficult at first sight to accept the Farnese decorations and which are also evident in the 'Coronation of the Virgin' now at Newcastle (No. 103). This is an inexpressibly strange picture, not, I think, wholly successful, but profoundly interesting.

Having made these distinctions, most of us—that is to say, we who cannot readily tell the work of one of these draughtsmen from another—will probably have to consider them *en masse*, for neither the exhibition nor the hand list (which will be supplemented in due course by a scholarly catalogue) will help us to distinguish one Carracci from another. We have rather to consider their united activities in the illustration of various themes—landscape, portraiture, historical painting or decoration and caricature. Collectively the Carracci give me an impression of luxurious comfort. There is little here to suggest the uneasy and incoherent ambiguities of the Mannerists or the sharp, painful transitions of Caravaggio. They are less nervous, less emphatic in their draughtsmanship than Guercino. Everyone is comfortable, even Andromeda chained to her rock or the lady who is being so unkindly trampled on by a mythological youth in Annibale's 'Allegory'. Even the rapid sketch of criminals being hanged hardly suggests discomfort.

But, much more than this, every form, every fold, seems to bear the solid Italian reassurance that one associates with an aria from *Tosca* or a really well-cooked plate of *fettuccini*. There is a profoundly sensual quality in the drawing, a quality of solid objects affectionately handled and possessed, of shapes seen neither as material for linear definition nor yet for sharp illumination, but simply as varying quantities of noble bulk. Observe how, in the

drawing here illustrated, a drawing which by reason of the implements used gives every temptation for abrupt transitions of light and shade, Annibale seeks rather to unite forms than to separate them; how carefully he preserves one mass of light across Juno's breasts and shoulder, what prodigious volumes he contains in her cloak; how the delicate and masterly drawing of her left hand,

which another artist would have emphasized with the deepest shadow, is rather united to the folds of the cloak, which themselves merge into the dress. Notice also how the shadowing with the pen seeks not to emphasize but to reduce the chiaroscuro; and finally, consider the amplitude, the profoundly comforting nature of the figure itself, and the economy with which it has been rendered.

This life-enhancing solidity derives from all the grandest channels of Italian art, springing from Masaccio and from Giotto himself, and it seems to me that if we can divorce the word eclectic from the pejorative meanings that have been given it, we may apply it to the Carracci. They worked, surely, at a moment when it was both right and necessary to look back to the past and to build anew on old foundations, and surely they *did* borrow. I do not think that Annibale could have painted that blue-grey horizon beneath 'The Madonna in glory over the city of Bologna' or the violent evening sky behind the 'Portrait of a Man' (No. 200), if he had not looked with careful admiration on the Venetians, or that the Farnese decorations could have been conceived without the aid of Raphael and Michelangelo.

Perhaps this is merely a verbal point—no painters since the Renaissance have been able to disregard their predecessors altogether—and there is no harm in it so long as the artist is able to invest his borrowings so that he is left with more than the original loan. There can be no doubt that the Carracci paid a handsome dividend.

I have said enough, probably, to get myself hanged by the art historians. Let me now add a sheep to my lamb. That extraordinary picture 'The Butcher's Shop', from Christ Church, Oxford, which is given to Annibale by some experts and to Agostino by others, was, I will boldly suggest, painted by all three Carracci, together with a student. I imagine that it happened something like this: one day the Carracci, having got a little tipsy, decided to do something that really would be eclectic, so a student was put to paint the halberdier on the extreme left of the picture, Agostino painted the man weighing meat, Ludovico painted the butcher's slab floating in mid-air, and Annibale did the man kneeling in the foreground, together with the boy lifting down half a carcase. (Incidentally, the model for this figure is another student, who is shown working at his easel by Annibale in a drawing, No. 72 in this exhibition.) The student made a terrible hash of his halberdier, but the Carracci made a very good job of the rest.



'Juno' by Annibale Carracci: lent by the Courtauld Institute of Art to the exhibition at Newcastle upon Tyne

The Road Not Taken

PHILIP HOBSBAUM on three poets who died in the first world war

MODERNISM in English poetry is beginning to seem something of an American imposition. Forty years after its publication it is not hard to see that 'The Waste Land', whatever its merits, has prompted some of the worst writing in English. At the moment, critics appear to be in search of a tradition of English verse which could adapt itself to modern needs. Some of the critics who attack modernism have turned to the Georgians instead.

They feel, I suppose, that the Georgians preserved the English tradition in the face of modernist incursion. And there is enough truth in this to make it a dangerous heresy. I would certainly agree that Eliot and Pound attacked a moribund Victorian tradition and substituted for it what was very much an American one. But if the Georgians preserved the tradition at all they did so only in so far as they mummified it. The very best of them—Masefield, say, or Sassoon—do seem to be handling modern experience, but with rather a late-Victorian technique.

Because of this, it seems that neither English Georgianism nor American Modernism had much to offer the rising generation. That such a choice should have arisen was really a historical accident, and one of the grimmest kind: I mean the first world war. At least three poets died who, if they had survived, would surely have constituted a big challenge to the prevailing standards in poetry: as big a challenge, perhaps, as in their own time was presented by the Romantics. I am thinking of Edward Thomas, Wilfred Owen, and Isaac Rosenberg.

Characteristics of Edward Thomas

Only a superficial classification would relate Edward Thomas to the Georgians. His poems certainly relate to an English tradition. But it was one that had been much misunderstood, as was shown by the cool reception of Hardy's *Wessex Poems* in 1898. This tradition was as much one of prose as of verse: the tradition of Cobbett and Jefferies—on whom, as a critic, Thomas had written most eloquently. Indeed, it was Thomas's own prose that led his friend, Robert Frost, to suggest that he should try his hand at poetry. Thomas never actually followed Frost's advice to write up his nature studies into free verse. But there is no doubt that much of Thomas's strength is that he has no time for the merely 'poetic'. His poetry really is 'a valley of this restless mind'. He objectifies his inner emotions in terms of landscape, or even fiction. That is to say, Thomas will often act out his feelings in terms of story, scene and character, rather than state it in his own person. And this brings him close to the writings of the Romantics—Wordsworth, for example, whose best work is in narrative form, and is akin to the great nineteenth-century novelists, themselves the heirs of Shakespeare. This inclination towards fiction rather than autobiography or lyric is characteristic of much good English poetry.

Palgrave's attempt to exclude all but lyric from the canon of English verse gave us a singularly denuded *Golden Treasury*. Hardy, who had grown up in the age of Palgrave, was concerned to point out rather deprecatingly—in his introduction to *Wessex Poems*—the fictional element in his own verse. And perhaps it was this element of fiction in Thomas's work, as well, that disturbed the Georgians. It is notable that the lyric 'Adlestrop', rather a conventional production, was for years Thomas's prime anthology piece, as 'The Darkling Thrush' was Hardy's. There is nothing so decisively great in Thomas's output as Hardy's cycle *Veteris vestigia flammae*. But no more than for Hardy does the countryside represent for Thomas an escape. Thomas has been much admired for his powers of observation and presentation of particulars. And they are remarkable. But more remarkable still is Thomas's placing of war as a senseless evil against the life-giving rhythms of the countryside. This can be seen in his poem entitled

'As the Team's Head-brass'. Here, the certainty of the ploughman's coming and going is contrasted with the delays and uncertainties of the war. The lovers going into the wood, the ploughman harrowing the clods, are an assertion of life against maiming and death. And the war's encroachment on these rhythms is symbolized by the fallen tree that, if the ploughman's mate had returned from France, would have been moved long ago. The relationship with Hardy's war poems is clear enough. One thinks most immediately of 'In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"'—where there is also a pair of lovers and a ploughman.

A Genuinely Modern Sensibility

The difference between Thomas and even the better Georgians is that his work is an advance on that of the poetry of a previous generation. His is a genuinely modern sensibility. His view of life has none of the heroics easily assumed by those who never saw action, or who joined the army in a spirit of public-school patriotism. But Thomas had little chance to write trench poetry. His best work was written before going to France, while training as an officer. He had time to contrast the English countryside he was leaving with the Front—known only by hearsay and implication—he was going to. And he was killed soon after reaching it.

There were Georgians who saw more action than Thomas; most notably Sassoon. And Sassoon's poems certainly include much first-hand reaction to experience. But I am not so sure that his technique is equal to his sensibility. In 'Break of Day' he presents an escape from battle into the memory of a happy day's hunting. Here we have the detailed realism for which Sassoon was to become famous. No doubt this is a strong poem if compared with the early, and now suppressed, war poems of Graves. Graves is prone to smother his action in whimsy and allusion. But, if we think of Edward Thomas, Sassoon's tone seems over-insistent; and perhaps the most telling comparison is with Wilfred Owen.

It cannot be too often stressed that Owen's technique is not just a matter of half-rhyme. Half-rhyme had been used before in English; though not, it is true, so systematically. Owen's genius can be localized in the actual function of the play of the vowels. They mute those over-confident metres which Owen, in common with other war poets, inherited from the previous, more peaceful, generation. He makes them as exploratory and tentative as his feelings about war. In comparison, Sassoon's verse seems too assured for its content. It is impossible to feel that 'Strange Meeting', for example, will ever date.

Verse Akin to Fiction

Owen's verse, like Thomas's, is akin to fiction rather than lyric. He will use himself, as in 'Strange Meeting', as an interlocutor; or he will don the mask of narration or of dramatic monologue. Even when he seems to be speaking more directly, as in his poem 'Exposure', he will use the first person plural rather than singular. So that he seems to be speaking for all the soldiers of the war, not just himself. His details are never merely descriptive. In 'Exposure', they are selected to create an atmosphere and a human attitude—the cold, and the soldiers waiting. It is rather too simple to regard Owen as the poet who hated war. His verse has a distinctively modern ambivalence. In 'Exposure' as well as a grim endurance on the part of the troops, there is a desire for action—a desire which is mocked by the way in which the weather is presented in this poem through a metaphor of war: dawn massing in the east her melancholy army.

Owen recognizes with startling modernity that death can be as certain out of battle as in it, and dispiritingly inglorious. His poems are the defeat of lyric; anything but a subjective cry of pain. We are not asked to take an interest in something just



Give THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD *this Christmas*

STATE EXPRESS 555

We can't stop showing off our new Popular



De luxe model illustrated, wing mirrors optional extras.

The Popular's one car you've every reason to be proud of: **THERE'S NO MAKE-DO ABOUT IT**—it's a real family saloon that really looks like a car. **THERE'S NO SKIMPING** in the fully equipped interior—it's well fitted with ample instruments, precision-built door handles, etc. **AND NO SHARING IT WITH THE LUGGAGE**—a spacious boot holds everything a family wants to put in it. **NO ENGINE STRAIN**—the large (1172cc) engine gives tremendous power and plenty to spare with no straining or buzzing. **NO MEAN PERFORMANCE**—your Popular accelerates vividly up to 70 mph, handles well in traffic, cruises effortlessly on the open road. **THERE'S NO TIRESOME RATTLING AND DRUMMING**—Ford craftsmanship has given the Popular a smooth, quiet, relaxing ride. **NO BIG BILLS**—apart from long tyre life you've the confident assurance of owning a car with the world-wide backing of quality Ford Service at low, fixed rates, with Ford extras of easier hp terms, low insurance rates, low running costs and traditionally good trade-in value. A *real* car, built to last a lifetime and cared for by Ford for life—unbeatable value!

**POPULAR BY FORD
STILL AT £508.14.9*
BRITAIN'S LOWEST PRICED CAR**



* Purchase tax and surcharge included.
De luxe model, as illustrated, from £530.12.3, taxes paid.

because it was happening to Wilfred Owen. A point is made, through the evocation of a war, about war itself. Owen's landscape has all the conviction of Sassoon's with an impersonality which Sassoon never achieved. Not one death is expressed in Owen's work, but many.

Tonight, His frost will fasten on this mud and us,
Shrivelling many hands, puckering foreheads crisp.
The burying-party, picks and shovels in their shaking grasp,
Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,
But nothing happens.

Like Owen, Isaac Rosenberg characteristically uses the plural first person. But he appears to use words (as Professor Harding has remarked) without any of the usual couplings—as though the poetry were formed at a subconscious pre-verbal level. Although as authentic as Owen's stretcher-party, that of Rosenberg is alarmingly unexpected.

A man's brains splattered on
A stretcher-bearer's face;
His shook shoulders slipped their load,
But when they bent to look again
The drowning soul was sunk too deep
For human tenderness.

One can see why Gordon Bottomley, Rosenberg's first editor, was so hesitant about publishing this poetry. And why, even when it was published, it took so long to make its way. Even the iambic metres have been abandoned in this plasm of verse.

Strikingly Personal Terms

Rosenberg's technical innovations cannot be so readily discussed in terms of a past norm as those of his fellows. One can see in the lines of Owen's 'Strange Meeting' the rhythms of the induction to 'The Fall of Hyperion'; but muted down, made tentative by the half-rhyme. The poem gains much of its strength through an application of familiar material to an utterly new situation. Keats's goddesses occur, too, in Rosenberg's 'Daughters of War'. But that is as far as resemblance goes. The myth is created in strikingly personal terms—a kind of sprung verse, for example, developed quite independently of Hopkins. To find Rosenberg's antecedents, one has to look at the juvenilia, as one does with Hopkins's surprisingly Keats-like fragments. The mature poems resemble nothing but themselves—though there are signs that gifted young poets of our own time, such as Ted Hughes and Peter Redgrave, have learned from them. It would be absurd, then, to call Rosenberg a traditionalist, except in the sense that he is in the tradition of Keats and Shakespeare. His sprung verse, use of myth, are wholly unlike anything produced by the 'traditional' Georgians. It is as though an overmastering experience had blasted out a new form.

The old bark burnt with iron wars
They blow to a live flame
To char the young green days
And reach the occult soul; they have no softer lure—
No softer lure than the savage ways of death.

Nobody could call this traditional in manner or content. Yet it is certainly not modernist, if by modernist one thinks of a play of images, a montage in free verse. If Rosenberg's verse has affinities, it is not with Eliot or Pound but with the apocalyptic prose of Lawrence. Not, indeed, with Lawrence's verse, which seems to go more diffuse as it gets further from Hardy and nearer to Whitman. Rosenberg, unlike the modernists, does not go in for phanopoeia or free association. His poems exist through images, but never for them. And the poems are not autobiographical, though they may be a projection of his inner feelings, in terms of myth. Rosenberg projects outwards. As in 'Daughters of War', he creates a fiction in which feelings are acted out. Like Thomas and Owen, he conveys his emotion through poems about something other than himself.

These poets used forms and, at the same time, changed them. Thomas used Wordsworthian blank verse that had also learned from the nineteenth-century novelists, and so could absorb narrative and symbolic properties. Owen muted the rhythms of the romantics by the use of pararhyme, and applied the romantic sensuousness to a new and grimmer end. Rosenberg manipulated events even more resourcefully than the others, and revitalized dramatic blank verse into a sprung rhythm that has not been

fully exploited even now. They all marked an advance not only in technique but in sensibility. The world of 1911 must have seemed very remote in 1915. A glance at the newspapers of the time would establish the difference in terms of an increased sense of strain, a wedge driven between the generations, criticism of hitherto accepted values by the young. But it was only the exceptional writers who could get much of this into their verse. In the last analysis, the success of Thomas, Owen, and Rosenberg as poets could be attributed to their recognition of the need to adapt the old forms to express new experience.

Two Rival Schools

This should differentiate them on the one hand from the modernists, who broke forms down, and, on the other, from the Georgians, who relied on them even when they proved inapplicable to modern experience. But Thomas, Owen, and Rosenberg died young. And, after the war, two rival schools of poetry contended for attention in the anthologies *Georgian Poetry* and *Wheels*. The debate was irrelevant to the facts, as J. M. Murry pointed out at the time, in a review of the two volumes. He said that the only distinction he himself would be prepared to recognize was one of quality. And such quality he found in the one good poem which appeared in either of the anthologies: it was 'Strange Meeting'.

The younger progressive critics, such as Leavis and Roberts, got rather taken in, it seems to me, not by Eliot's poetry but by his position vis-à-vis tradition. They commended Eliot's example to the rising generation; a generation which, it is now acknowledged, went dangerously off the rails. Certainly it never fulfilled its promise. One remembers the pylon poetry and the hopeful pastiches that used to be made of Ezra Pound. And there is all that vague intimation of impending revolution that dissipated so promptly after Spain. The similarities between the so-called social realists of the nineteen-thirties and the romantics who followed hard upon their heels are very evident. They most of them misapplied the stream-of-consciousness technique and used free verse of extraordinary obscurity. Common to most of them, also, was the free association of autobiographical symbols. In the nineteen-forties it became the fashion for writers, even those of undeniable talent, to switch off their intellect before they started composing.

Poets of Auden's generation could have saved themselves by learning less from Eliot and Pound and more from Thomas, Owen, and, perhaps especially, Rosenberg. But history was against them. My main thesis, I suppose, is that English poetry in the twentieth century has had four atrocious strokes of luck. They are worth enumerating. First of all, that the wrong emphasis should have been placed on the work of the one great Victorian who could have had a useful influence—I mean Hardy. Secondly, that the Georgians, for the most part, should have chosen to regard tradition as a resting-place rather than a spring-board. Third, that three of the poets who were developing an essentially English modernity should have been killed in the war—their publication, too, was a delayed and incomplete one. And, lastly, that Eliot and Pound should have chosen to start an essentially American revolution in verse technique over here rather than in the United States, and so filled the gap which the death of the war poets left with an alien product whose influence has been a bad one.

Choice between Revolution and Reaction

Of these points, the third is undoubtedly the most important. If Thomas, Owen, and Rosenberg had lived, there would have been no question of having to choose between revolution and reaction—a choice which has never particularly appealed to the English temperament. What is best in English poetry generally is what we find in the uncompleted work of these three poets: what Thom Gunn called 'vigour within the discipline of shape'. Freedom won, that is, not through breaking down a form but through reshaping it. These poets represent the central line of English poetry through the Romantics back to Shakespeare, and I cannot see much good work being done far away from it. But, like any tradition, it is only alive as long as it can be recreated. Nevertheless I do not think I am being too hopeful when I say that it seems to be in process of recreation, after a long quiescence, at the present time.—*Third Programme*

Score Twice for Cheyne Walk

ANGUS MCGILL on status symbols in London

A FEW days after I first arrived in London from the north I called in on some friends in Hyde Park Square. 'Calling-in', I have since discovered, is a barbaric northern custom, greatly discouraged in London, but this was four years ago and I was innocent of the ways of this strange city.

Anyway, in I called, and they seemed pleased to see me and showed me over their new flat, glowing with newly-wed pride. This was the living-room and this was the bedroom and this was the kitchen and just look at the fridge and the automatic cooker. Then they pointed out of the window to the *pièce de résistance*, a graceful old house on the other side of the road. 'That', they said, 'is where Lady Violet Bonham Carter lives. And do you know *she* has a Paddington telephone number. *Ours* is Ambassador'. It was said laughingly but the pleasure of it lit the square like a forest of street lamps. It was my first acquaintance with telephone snobbery.

Honeycomb of Little Snobberies

I soon found out that Londoners, who think of themselves as the least snobbish of people, live in an intricate honeycomb of little snobberies. Not you, sir, of course, nor you, madam, but most of the people you know have a nagging ache for prestige which compels them to do extremely curious things and puts them to continual inconvenience.

On my second or third day here I came across the address snobbery. I was staying, that first few weeks, with a friend in Cheyne Walk. 'Cheyne Walk!' people said in a knowing way. 'VERY GOOD'. I soon realized I had scored twice with this one. Cheyne Walk is itself a famous street and it is All Right to live in a famous street, however unfashionable the area is. For instance, Chiswick Mall does your standing the world of good, even though it is in unfashionable Chiswick. But Cheyne Walk went one better. It was also in fashionable Chelsea. 'Yes, indeed', people said, 'VERY good indeed!'

I was reaping a rich harvest. I had a Flaxman telephone number. Not perhaps quite as good as Belgravia; not as good as Knightsbridge or Sloane; but still pretty good. And my letters came to me with that golden symbol, S.W.3.

I found there are six such symbols of absolute smartness. People will move from one side of the road to the other to acquire one; they will leave a pleasant, roomy flat for a dark semi-basement bed-sitter for the prestige these symbols confer. They are S.W.1, S.W.3, S.W.7, W.8, N.W.1, and N.W.8. W.1 is still all right if it comes with a Mayfair telephone number—but Mayfair is on the decline now: too many offices.

The newcomer finds all this very confusing. If S.W.1 and S.W.3 are smart, then S.W.2 must be too. But S.W.2 is Brixton. So what of S.W.4? But S.W.4 is Clapham. In many ways Clapham and Brixton are the real London: but socially you might as well be living at the North Pole.

Then there are the disputed districts like N.W.3. This is Hampstead, one of the most pleasant places in all London to live. On a warm summer evening the sewer gas rises in low-lying Chelsea and creeps along the little streets of workmen's cottages, each of which cost its lucky owner £10,000. But in Hampstead the air is pure and fresh, and the little workmen's cottages, each of which cost their lucky owners £10,000, nestle in greenery. 'But no one', says Mr. Roy Brooks, the estate agent, in his most Olympian manner, 'no one ever boasted about living in Hampstead'. And that, take it from me, is that. N.W.3 may be paradise and sometimes I think it is: but it Won't Do.

Better than one good address is two. A place in the country has limitless snob value though some counties—wouldn't you know it?—are better than others. It is considered much smarter to have a second address in Shropshire, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, Northumber-

land, or the Hebrides, than, say, in Essex, Surrey, or Kent. In any case there is only one smart thing to do with a weekend. That is to leave London. 'I'm going', you say, 'to the country'. You never say 'I'm going to see my aunt in Slough', however true it is. There is no credit to be gained from Slough: nor, though it seems unjust, from aunts.

Even if you stay in town, which, after all, most people do, it is a fairly commonplace snob practice to leave the *impression* that

you are off to the country for the weekend. You simply come to the office on Friday in tweeds. No need to fib: the tweeds do it for you.

Prestige is an insatiable mistress. The really ambitious Londoner is at her beck and call from the moment he gets up to the moment he goes to bed. There are, indeed, snob times to do both these things—the later the better in each case.

'I never get up till noon', is always good for a bit of respect if you have been caught red-handed with a Holborn or Fulham telephone number. You may be a night watchman or on the dole but no one will ask. Not to get up till noon means you don't need to bother with sordid things like making a living.

There are prestige times to take a bath—in the morning, *not* before going to bed. There are prestige times to eat—both lunch and dinner should be as late as possible. I was finishing what was, for me, a late dinner at seven the other evening when a friend telephoned. 'Goodness', she said in strong disapproval, 'you do eat early'.

And if you *have* to work it is to be hoped your job scores for you. If you are in a government department the Foreign Office scores higher than the Home Office, the Home Office higher than the Board of Trade. If you are in the City the Stock Exchange does better than oil, oil does better than insurance. You score highly with the arts; very highly indeed if you are in something that no one can quite identify, like Security. Publishing and banking will do, second-hand cars and public relations won't. Neither, I am sorry to say, will journalism. M.P.s just scrape by. If you are in corsets just don't say so, that's all. Anyway, there is great prestige to be got from going to work in the right trains—the late and empty ones which get you in after ten. Lowly toilers who have to be in at eight-thirty or nine have to travel to work in maximum discomfort on trains packed to the buffers.

A Hard Life for the Young Executive

Offices the world over are alive with little snobberies but nowhere, I think, are they as elaborate as in London. Here the rising young executive takes endless pains over the *look* of his office. The choice of desk, for instance: should it be big, stark, and modern? Or small, exquisite, and antique? Which will impress most? A dreadful problem. And the pictures on the walls: he must have some but should he suggest sound judgment and high moral character with a Munnings? Or enlightenment with a modern abstract? Or dare he risk a fashionable Victorian like Augustus Egg or Samuel Palmer? People who are really with it will admire him enormously. But is the chairman really with it? Life for the rising young executive can be difficult.



Then there is the vexing problem of the senior executives' wash-room. Why is he still excluded? The humiliation of it! There are men who would rather be received here than at Buckingham Palace. And then there is the chairman's lift. Only very modern offices have this refinement, and what fresh agonies and ecstasies it brings! The key to the chairman's lift is the business equivalent of an earldom.

Outside the office the social snobberies multiply. Of all prestige entertainments Glyndebourne remains the top. No other puts you to so much expense and to so much trouble. And it has the great advantage that everyone can see that that is where you are going. Why else should you be standing in full evening dress in the middle of the afternoon on Victoria Station? The snob value of all opera is high and the ballet only slightly less so. The theatre has less snob value again—though from time to time a show will acquire a social vogue. At the moment it is the revue *Beyond the Fringe*. The theatre is very small, the show is very good, it is very hard to get tickets. So it is smart to have been there. Cinemas have no snob appeal and there is a curious snobbery about television. At first it was smart to have it. Then it was smart not to have it. Now you must have it but appear never to watch it. The set should be hidden in some way.

There are no status illnesses. Recently the slipped disc had a brief fling. But, status-wise, rude health is the thing. The brutal truth is that no one wants to *know* how you are. The quickest way to lose your last shred of status is to be a bore—and the best definition of a bore I know is 'a man who, when you ask him how he is, tells you'.

The man who really cares will watch what he says all the time. A strong opinion on any serious subject will lose him face. Enthusiasm is social suicide. And persons who actually *demonstrate* for or against anything have forfeited yards of status. You must never on any account stand up for anything. You mustn't sit down for anything either. The correct snob attitude is a wide and lazy tolerance for all things and a strong addiction to none. What could be duller?

Any man of any age and any nationality knows what snob value women have. The friendship of any really beautiful woman will send his prestige soaring. In London the top snob girl-friend is a model. Everyone knows that the tall, thin girl with such a curious walk is probably a future duchess. Models are the Gaiety girls of our time.

There is, but of course, a good deal of snobbery about games you play. The silence when I incautiously remarked that I was rather fond of canasta echoed round the room. Bridge retains its

venerable snob appeal, though it is the thing in some circles to consider it staid. Chemmy is the thing; or backgammon; or even poker—now played in some of the best clubs in town. The more you lose, the higher your reputation. People, I find, tend to double their losses in the telling and then make it guineas. It isn't so smart to *win* at chemmy. But then few people ever seem to.

Horses have an invulnerable snob appeal. Anything to do with them wins you prestige, except beating or eating them. And there are snob pets—usually dogs. These must be either very small like a chihuahua or excessively hair-shedding like a pug, or very large like a great dane. Dachshunds score points for you. Spaniels, scotties, and wire-haired terriers, alas, will not. You can also win some precarious standing—but not from me—by keeping a wild animal around the house. A lemur will add to your reputation up to the minute it starts making amorous advances to your aunt. And a tiger cub will win you lots of lovely prestige up to the moment it eats the vicar. Better stick to pugs.

But a pug won't help you and neither will anything else, if your speech is wrong. No people in the world are as snobbish about speech as the English, and nowhere in England is such snobbery so concentrated as in London. Of course, millionaires can speak any way they want to. So can cabinet ministers, press lords, dons, industrial tycoons. Indeed, no one with real prestige bothers a scrap about any of this. But the young actor today has his own curious speech snobbery. R.A.D.A. vowels are very un-smart. The successful young actor must use a strong, colourful and profane regional speech off-stage and the ambitious young actor who naturally speaks beautiful English must assume a rough-diamond pitmatic though he has it not. But everywhere else the Establishment quack is the cornerstone of social acceptance. I think it is the least attractive speech in the world.

Sad, really.

—Home Service



Security

1.

So he's got there at last, been received as a partner—
In a firm going bankrupt;
Found the right place (walled garden), arranged for a mortgage—
But they're pulling the house down
To make room for traffic.

Worse winds are rising. He takes out new policies
For his furniture, for his life,
At a higher premium
Against more limited risks.

2.

Who can face the winds, till the panes crack in their frames?
And if a man faced them, what in the end could he do
But look for shelter like all the rest?
The winds too are afraid, and blow from fear.

3.

I hear my children at play
And recall that one branch of the elm-tree looks dead;
Also that twenty years ago I could have been parchment
Cured and stretched for a lampshade,
Who now have children, a lampshade
And the fear of those winds.

I saw off the elm-tree branch
To find that the wood was sound;
Mend the fences yet again,
Knowing they'll keep out no one,
Let alone the winds.
For still my children play
And shall tomorrow, if the weather holds.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER
—Third Programme

A Garden for Orpheus

Who are you halfseen from the corner of my eye
At evening, timidly, by the dark edge of the trees?
When I move you are gone. Is there a faint sigh
Less than a sound on the infinitesimal breeze?

Night hangs in abeyance. The day is lost
Over the rim of the world. The garden waits.
Who are you inhabit of shadow like a ghost?
When I speak the dusk like a blue glass vibrates.

You are that vague music in the mind
Of sadness only the grieved in heart can hear.
Enter, Orpheus, this trembling garden that makes me blind:
The crystal immanence of an unshed tear.

JOHN SMITH

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

November 15-21

Wednesday, November 15

U Thant, acting Secretary-General of the United Nations, instructs U.N. troops to restore law and order in Albertville and Kindu where mutinous Congolese troops are reported to have run wild

Annual report of L.C.C.'s Medical Officer of Health says that there was a 'phenomenal' rise in London's illegitimacy rate last year

Thursday, November 16

Commons debate the Commonwealth Immigrants Bill

The United Nations announce the murder by Congolese army mutineers at Kindu of thirteen Italian U.N. airmen

Agreement is reached between the Electricity Council and the five unions involved, on pay increases for 120,000 workers in the industry from January 28

Friday, November 17

Strike of loaders and porters at London Airport ends after Ministry of Aviation agrees to pay increases

Russia asks Finland to send a delegation to Moscow for talks on the 1948 Russo-Finnish Mutual Assistance pact in view of 'increasing militarism in West Germany'

Saturday, November 18

It is announced in Helsinki that President Kekkonen of Finland will go to see Mr. Khrushchev

U.N. reinforcements continue to move into Kindu where Italian airmen were recently murdered

Sunday, November 19

East Germans start building new obstructions along border of East and West Berlin

President Balaguer of the Dominican Republic declares a state of emergency after reported attempt by two brothers of the late Generalissimo Trujillo to seize power

Monday, November 20

Chairman of the Electricity Council reports to the Minister of Power about recent pay settlement in the industry

Dr. Adenauer and President Kennedy start their discussions on Berlin in Washington

The Queen ends her visit to Ghana and leaves for Liberia

Tuesday, November 21

Mr. Macmillan says the 'pay pause' is to continue, and rebukes the Electricity Council for its recent wage-increase to the power-workers

Russia agrees to a resumption of three-power talks on the banning of nuclear tests in Geneva next week

The Electrical Trades Union holds its Rules Revision Conference at Hastings



Tunku Abdul Rahman, Prime Minister of Malaya, being greeted at London Airport on November 17 by Mr. Duncan Sandys, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations. The Tunku is in this country to discuss with the British Government proposals for a Federation of Malaysia (see page 854)



Some of the many West Indians who have arrived in London. The Government's policy of bringing the Commonwealth into Britain, which was strongly debated in the Commons last week, will now apply to the Southern Irish met with many to re-examine the



A photograph taken last week from the air of a Kenya village in the Tana river area, east of Nairobi, threatened by flood-water. British aircraft have dropped more than 1,000,000 lb. of food to famine-stricken Africans in these areas where rain has been falling almost continuously for six weeks

Right: a scene from Richard Strauss's opera *The Silent Woman*, which was performed for the first time in this country at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on November 20. Seated is Joseph Ward as Razorblade the barber. On the left is Barbara Holt as Aminta, and next to her Kenneth Macdonald as Henry

Princess Theatre, member of



work in this country since the
ed to control immigration from
d by the Opposition when it
that the controls should not
and the Government promised



Part of the new concrete wall and anti-tank barriers between East and West Berlin which were begun last Sunday and completed on Tuesday. This photograph shows work being carried out behind a pasteboard screen in front of the Brandenburg Gate adjoining the British sector. In the background is the former Reichstag building. On November 20 about 40,000 people demonstrated in West Berlin against the fortifications dividing the city



admiring the costume of an actor dressed as a woman in the Kabuki
n November 16. The Princess, who is touring the Far East, is the first
yal Family to visit Japan for thirty years. Left is Crown Prince Akihito



Left: a signpost in East Berlin points to Karl-Marx-Allee, formerly Stalin-Allee. The renaming of the street is part of a campaign by the Soviet Government aimed at erasing the memory of Stalin



'Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer' by Rembrandt, which was bought last week in New York by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the record price of £820,000

THE RARE FINO



SAN PATRICIO is Spain's most celebrated true Fino sherry. Crisp and dry. The perfect aperitif.

GARVEY'S FINO SAN PATRICIO

IMPORTED BY MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LTD., WALBROOK HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4.

RUGGED...

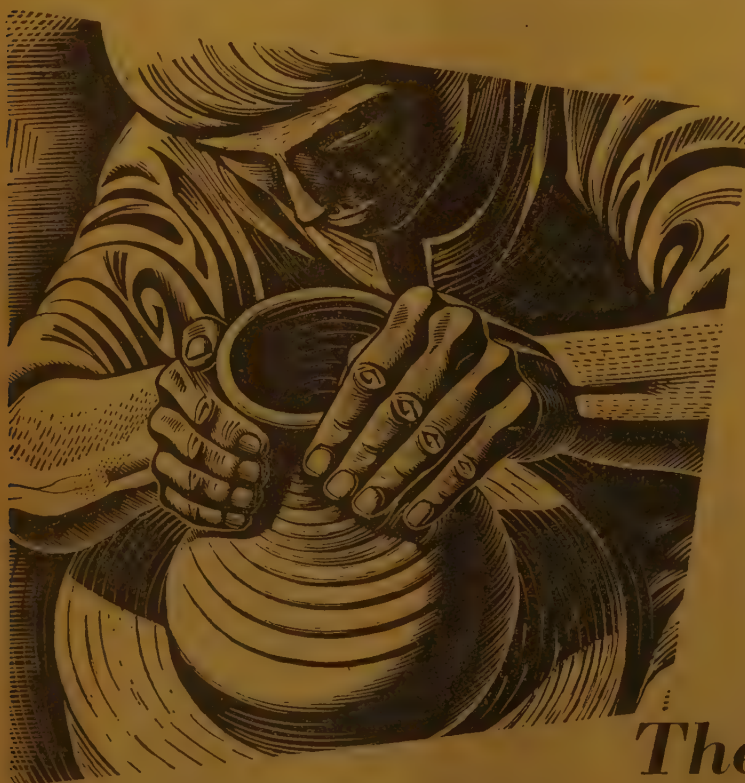
ORB-STAMPED HARRIS TWEED leads a man's life. Strong, robust, exceptionally hardwearing. A traditionally superb tweed without so much as a single strand of synthetic fibre. The Orb Mark is your safeguard that the tweed has been independently inspected according to regulations approved by the Board of Trade, and that it is wholly produced in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides.

So, always look for the
Orb Mark before you buy—

HARRIS TWEED



Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd.



Staffordshire for pottery... but 'Yorkshire' for Insurance

All the world knows that it's Staffordshire for pottery. For insurance the World and His Wife choose the Yorkshire Insurance Company, which today is rendering a service to communities in all parts of the world, fostering progress... establishing confidence. All types of modern insurance are transacted by this old established Company and it will certainly be to your advantage to consult the "Yorkshire" branch office in your area to bring your insurance requirements up-to-date.★

...the World and His Wife choose

The YORKSHIRE INSURANCE Company Ltd

Chief Offices: St. Helen's Square, York and Becket House, 36/37 Old Jewry, London, E.C.2

Branches and Agencies throughout the world

★ Your family's comfort and happiness depend so much on your earnings. A guaranteed income is the best way of ensuring that they will be taken care of if anything happens to you. The "Modern Protection" Life Policy can provide a tax-free income for as little as £4 a year.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Occult Underground

Sir,—About Mr. John Wren-Lewis's talk on 'The Occult Underground' (THE LISTENER, November 16): as a member of a theosophical society, may I be permitted to answer some of his criticisms, which can briefly be summarized as follows:

(1) Non-scientists (he points out) do not understand that scientific theories are not meant to discover the true nature of reality, but merely to provide a formula in terms of which observed phenomena can be expressed, and which is useful for 'measuring and investigating other things'. What Mr. Wren-Lewis does not tell us is that the occult schools are only too well aware of this failure of the scientific method to provide a 'world-picture'; that is precisely what has led their members into occultism. The people most reluctant to be convinced of this fact, in my experience, are young *scientists*.

(2) Occult 'theories' (of different states of matter, for instance) do not help the scientist to solve his present difficulties. But they were never intended to. Here Mr. Wren-Lewis is guilty of precisely the same fault as that of which he accuses the occultists. Just as the occultist, he thinks, interprets scientific theories as if they were 'attempts to explain phenomena in terms of occult realities', so he regards the results of clairvoyant observation as 'theories' devised to explain phenomena! The ideas regarding different planes of nature have *never* been devised as theories, or attempts to *explain* anything; they are the carefully collected results of years of painstaking observations made by people possessing the faculty of clairvoyance. If these observations differ slightly between observers, this only tends to support their authenticity, and to disprove 'copying'. Moreover, their great similarities, often between observers who have had no knowledge of each others' work, is so remarkable that it cannot be ignored. If there are differences, they are only such as those we encounter in our normal world, in travellers' varied accounts of the same country, for example, or in the conflicting reports of witnesses of an accident. The scientists who ridicule these observations because they cannot be proved are like the blind race that ridicules the one-eyed man. And if they ridicule them because they are not *useful*, they are confining the term 'use' to their laboratories; the laboratory of the occultist is life itself. (Not that the occultist *accepts* these statements merely because someone else has made them—most occultists never accept anything not confirmed by their own experience—their only 'fault' is that they do not either deride them or ignore them.)

(3) Occultists 'hardly ever discuss their differences'. In a system aimed at synthesis rather than analysis, this would not be surprising even if it were true. In point of fact, I, like many others, have repeatedly spoken on the differences between various occult schools, even

those within the schools themselves, and this is a major task of the Science Group of the Theosophical Society.

(4) If the occultists accepted the methods of science (which, incidentally, we do accept, as *part* only, of our system) 'the new ideas would become in turn just working models . . . capable of being destroyed at any time by some new observation'. But it has never been otherwise. H. P. Blavatsky, for instance, repeatedly emphasized that her observations were not to be accepted as final truth, but only as private observations which *could* serve as provisional general theories, as also did Leadbeater, Besant, Alice Bailey, and many others.

(5) Finally Mr. Wren-Lewis ventures into the realms of art and religion, and aligns classical philosophy (perpetuated in the 'occult underground' schools of today) with religious and artistic Pharisaism. Here he is completely wide of the mark. The whole concept of our philosophy is opposed to Pharisaism in religion, art, or in science. Our whole emphasis in religion, for example, is on personal *experience* rather than on elaborate theologies. Mr. Wren-Lewis has gone all out to support a theory about the 'occult underground', and has carefully collected evidence to justify his preconceived ideas.—Yours, etc.,

Grimsby

J. E. SUNLEY

Sir,—In his talk on 'The Occult Underground' Mr. Wren-Lewis pleads—I am sure rightly—for leaders in art and religion to adopt scientific values and base themselves on the enhancement of experience. It may be noted that one religious body has always done this, namely the Society of Friends. Its founders were contemporaries of Newton and worked out in a religious context what Newton was doing in a scientific one. It cannot be said, though, that the Society has ever enjoyed wide support.

Yours, etc.,

Maidstone

S. C. PEARCE

The Moral Doubts of Kant

Sir,—In saying that Miss Loring's account of Kant (printed in THE LISTENER of November 9) has an 'extraordinary Kant-through-the-looking-glass air' and that 'the elements . . . are present but distorted by misunderstanding' Dr. Rickman misses a fundamental point about philosophy, namely the possibility of seeing a philosopher's system in a manner different from his intentions and of exploring where it leads. We are not concerned with Kant's intentions, but with his writings. (In the same way Professor Popper, by deliberately ignoring the 'spirit of Plato', told us where Plato's political philosophy can lead.)

(1) Kant's doubt about the purity of motives is not wholly psychological. Over and over again he expresses the view that actions done from altruistic motives, though right and amiable,

have no *moral* worth. If you give Kant his definition of 'moral', this is a tautology; on any other definition of 'moral' it is a *moral* not a psychological pronouncement, and a very dubious one.

(2) There are reasons, too long to set out, for believing that the Categorical Imperative is bankrupt even as a criterion of moral action. No one suggests that 'suicide is wrong' is *on the same level* as the Categorical Imperative; but to say that this '*happened* to Kant's conviction' is very odd indeed. What is the point of the Categorical Imperative if not to remove such contingency from moral thinking?

(3) 'It would be inconsistent, and *therefore* immoral, if we hoped for help and yet refused it to others'. Dr. Rickman cannot mean that such conduct would be self-contradictory. Does he mean that it would not be impartial? Of course it would not; but this leaves the question whether partiality is always immoral just where it was before.

(4) 'If the exercise of the rational will is the essence of morality then the failure to respect . . . this exercise of the will in anyone is immoral'. True; but the bone of contention is the *if*-clause.

(5) To distinguish actions done from love or pity from moral actions is worse than pointless; it is to confuse categories. For to say that an action is done from love or pity (or from respect for the moral law) is to make a psychological statement about the agent. To say that it is moral or immoral is to make a moral assessment. Of course actions inspired by sympathy can be wrong; but so can actions inspired by respect for the moral law. Kant, for all his great merits as a philosopher and the nobility of his actual moral views, begs the question in the first sentence of the *Grundlegung*.

Yours, etc.,

Leicester

P. H. NOWELL-SMITH

Sir,—Mr. Rickman reproaches me for misunderstanding the elements of Kant's moral philosophy, but goes on to endorse my account of it. I entirely agree with him that the doubt Kant raised about the possibility of moral action was a question of psychology, and the chief purpose of my talk was, precisely, to look at the main psychological features of the Kantian ethic and see where they led.

Still in this context I tried to show that by disparaging good nature, and also by insisting on the subjugation of all inclinations, as well as all prudential motives, as the *sine qua non* for moral action, Kant was propagating, in terms of his own values, the notion that all purposes and acts not inspired by the pure desire to act morally are base, even if not positively evil—a doctrine which, for all Kant's good intentions, certainly seems to me both discouraging and mischievous.

Yes, I agree that it is pretty clear what Kant

would have said about Aunt Agatha's action. He would have approved it as moral or, anyhow, near-moral. If Mr. Rickman will look at the essay 'On a Supposed Right to Tell Lies from Benevolent Motives' (1797) which contains the famous example of the man who, rather than break the Law of Veracity by lying, dutifully tells a murderer where his intended victim is hiding, I think he will recognize the parallel.

Yours, etc.,

Hazlemere

L. M. LORING

Birth Control and Human Fulfilment

Sir,—In reply to your correspondent, Mr. Allard Johnson, who complained of my 'disappointing and puzzling' reaction (THE LISTENER, October 26) to Sir Julian Huxley's remark on 'human fulfilment', I can only reply that one would have to study the economics of each country concerned to be able to say if mass birth-control was vital to its future material well-being or not. In a weekly column this is of course impossible. Perhaps, therefore, in the circumstances, one can only assume that this delicate problem must be met and solved by each individual couple, according to whether they prefer *material* well-being or not.

I did not say that human fulfilment had 'vanished'—on the contrary, *materially*, the majority are far better off than ever before. But has it made for contentment?

This is not the place for a metaphysical commentary on the right to deny existence. Let Mr. Johnson take full advantage of the birth-control clinics, if he wishes. I am the last to deny him his intellectual or biological freedom.

Yours, etc.,

Chart Sutton

MICHAEL SWAN

Heroic Age of Broadcasting

Sir,—I am very glad Mr. Rex Palmer wrote to defend the British Broadcasting Company against what he justifiably took to be my criticism of them in the matter of provincial artists, etc. May I assure him that my point was to contrast the way the Company in the early days *did* use and encourage talent from the provinces with the neglect and inertia that have characterized more recent times.

My original script contained, *inter alia*, much about people like T. H. Morrison at Manchester, Joseph Lewis at Birmingham, etc. But alas! it was too long for the allotted twenty minutes and had to be drastically cut. In the process, the talk may have inadvertently given the impression that the criticism was directed at the early administration as well as the later. I hope Mr. Palmer will accept my assurance that the sentence '... the local stations were immensely important in the early days' is all that remains of what began as a tribute to the wisdom of the early programme administrators, including himself! The operative word in the next sentence is 'nowadays'. Finally I expressed the hope that Professor Briggs might explain in later volumes what went wrong and why between 1927 and the present.

The Corporation has a proud record. But, like other institutions, it has allowed itself to drift into a situation where it has confused London with Britain. Such error was less likely in days when (as in 1923) Sheffield stoutly refused to take its programmes from Man-

chester. I have no hesitation in saying it again: those were the days.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

CHARLES WILSON

Sir Roy Welensky

Sir,—Like many another reader, I feel sure, I immensely enjoy Mr. Calder-Marshall's weekly contribution because its author knows his own mind and has the great virtue of not being mealy-mouthed. Whether one always agrees with his views is immaterial, but I venture to think his account of the interview with Sir Roy Welensky in 'Tonight' (THE LISTENER, November 16) suffered from unnecessary and excessive prejudice and distortion.

Apart from the fact that, to one viewer at least, Sir Roy seemed to be able to give his interlocutors points in equality, good manners and courtesy, so far from these latter 'tearing' him 'to intellectual shreds' his basic contention seemed, and still seems, pretty conclusive. This was that a method of governing a country, *i.e.*, by the counting of heads which has proved too advanced for France (*e.g.*) today is not self-evidently the best one to adopt at this juncture in a multi-racial South African state in mid-evolution.

Yours, etc.,

Poole

G. REICHARDT

Muffin the Mule

Sir,—I was pleased to see the photograph of the B.B.C. Television 'Children's Hour' puppet favourite, Muffin the Mule in your pictorial review of 'Twenty-five years of B.B.C. Television' (THE LISTENER, November 2).

I feel that the name of Ann Hogarth should be added to that of Annette Mills, as joint 'creators' of Muffin, for Miss Hogarth provided the other puppet figures, friends of the famous mule, and the scripts, and the manipulation for all the Muffin programmes.

I may add that the original Muffin puppet was devised and made by Mr. P. F. Tickner, of Gravesend, for the Hogarth Puppets Circus, whence it became a 'star' in its own right.

Yours, etc.,

Malvern

GERALD MORICE

Facing the German Problem

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of November 2 Professor Corbett gives a clear picture of the Federal German Republic not only flourishing unchanged but building up a new military force and breathing menace. Surely the great majority of the population of Britain, if we exclude some politicians, heartily dislike the idea of a re-united Germany? William Shirer, who can certainly not be regarded as a communist, in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (page 965) emphasizes that many ex-nazis handed over by the allies to German custody were not even prosecuted and some quickly found employment in the Bonn government.

Few of those who have experienced in thirty years over ten years of barbaric war due to German aggression are anxious to see again what Professor Corbett terms 'the sinister alliance of Prussia with the Ruhr'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.1

J. J. CONYBEARE

'Mycenaeans and Minoans'

Sir,—Professor Palmer can discover no fault whatever in the descriptions of his figures 8 and 9. I shall be brief. On figure 8: 'There are two words opposite the entry MAN 2...' (page 62)—but there are six such entries, of which the fifth has not two words opposite but one, a considerable difficulty. The seal-impression on figure 25 is described as representing a ship and a superposed horse 'with its mane done up in three tufts' (page 174)—but one of Palmer's tufts is an ear, at least in the drawing he chooses to present. Not many people will think that these excrescences have any bearing whatever on the destruction of Knossos, but since the author sets considerable store by them he may legitimately be asked to represent them correctly. Such inaccuracies have wider implications, but their most obvious fault is that they still further confuse the general reader. Incidentally similar defects could be quoted in connexion not only with figures 8 and 25 but also with figures 1, 2, and 20, and I shall be willing to point these out to the author at our mutual convenience. Unfortunately these are only minor examples of that lack of scrupulous care that I mentioned in my review, and the faults of logic and argument are much more serious.

Has it at all occurred to Professor Palmer that he may be kept so busy replying to unfavourable notices not because of reviewers resorting to 'mountains of hate' or being possessed by Dionysiac frenzy but quite simply because he has written a very imperfect book?

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

G. S. KIRK

Richard Oastler

Sir,—I read with great interest Professor Briggs's article about Richard Oastler (THE LISTENER, November 9). I would like to make one point, however. Oastler was not dismissed for his activities in the factory movement. He did have to remove some of Thornhill's misunderstanding about his association with Radicals in this work on one occasion, but it was his vigorous leadership of the opposition to the New Poor Law Amendment of 1834 that really led to his dismissal. Professor Briggs is right in referring to the heavy sacrifice that Oastler made, but not correct in relating it mainly to the agitation for the Ten Hours Bill.

Oastler, John Fielden, and Parson Bull of Byerley, were the best known north-country leaders of the opposition to the 1834 Act as well as leaders of the agitation for the Ten Hours Bill.

Yours, etc.,

Wellingborough

J. C. GILL

The British Broadcasting Corporation requires Literary Editor, THE LISTENER AND B.B.C. TELEVISION REVIEW, to be responsible for the literary and art pages (including choice of original poems) and for supplements of a literary character. He must have wide knowledge of literature and the literary scene and be familiar with the general run of current literature and authors, art exhibitions, and art critics. Salary £1,575 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,000 maximum p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.526) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, by November 30.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The City in History. By Lewis Mumford
Secker and Warburg. £3 10s.

Reviewed by IAN NAIRN

WHAT CAN I SAY about this? Six hundred pages of the history of the growth of cities, and the growth of ideas about cities; a deep dislike of the twentieth century's creation of a diluted landscape that is neither city nor suburb nor country; a deep feeling for the needs of city dwellers as people, and as people in a biological environment which is in fact far more complicated than the technological maze we are so proud of. All admirable and all humane: yet it leaves me unmoved.

The trouble is that I gag on Mumford's purgative chapters and intellectual abstractions in the same way that I gag on D. H. Lawrence's emotional abstractions. Cities are not only expressions of abstract ideas and forces, but collections of incredibly various people—even Palmanova, even Versailles or Karlsruhe. The ideas and forces are always there, but always tempered and modified and contradicted and messed up. Feel only the variousness and you may end up incoherent but never blunted or blinded—you may end up, also, with *Finnegans Wake*. Feel only the ideas and theories, and you risk ending up with the city as a watertight plastic bag of abstractions, as a bad art historian produces a live building to a dusty heap of bones. And it is an easier habit to get into than to shed: hence Mumford's suggestions of a proper twentieth-century city seem to me to be one more plastic bag. It is no accident that he chooses a museum as the most typical metropolitan institution, and that he regards the city's variousness as a kind of vast human museum.

The protagonist of a humane city, he puts people into compartments as fiercely as any zone-besotted planner, shrugging off Nash's artisan part of Regent's Park as a built-in slum, which it certainly wasn't, even in its last years after the blitz, and generalizing about a whole segment of population (how *could* he?) by talking about nineteenth-century furnishings as 'barbarous wall paper, meretricious bric-à-brac, framed oleograph pictures and furniture derived from the worst examples of stuffy middle class taste: the dregs of the dregs'. Does he think human nature was all high art and high feelings in the mythical golden ages of the past? Villon, for one, could give a different answer: and so could the workers in the fifteenth-century foundries of East Anglia. And in the next paragraph he dismisses the needs of a whole segment of humanity with 'In time, the taste for ugliness became ingrained; the worker was not willing to move from his older quarters unless he could carry a little of its familiar filth, confusion, noise and overcrowding with him'. How dare we choose to assume that everyone wants the same sort of environment? It is building for the true variousness in people that offers the only hopeful way out of our egalitarian dilemma. I am happy in one room overlooking a London square; my wife would willingly live next to a marshalling yard, the noisier the better. We are a tiny minority, and because of that we would bend

over backwards to see that everyone who wants a detached house in a big garden should have one.

I am sure that this blindness is only in the manner of writing and that Mumford himself is truly humane, tolerant and cantankerous, just as most art historians still feel deeply about buildings even when their style is at its most joyless.

That is my major worry. My lesser one is that from the bits I know well, I don't trust his facts. When Mumford talks about 'some of the finest villages in England—Burford, Bybury (*sic*) and Chipping Camden (*sic*)' I wonder if he has ever been to them and understood them. Burford and Chipping Campden never have been villages; Bibury is, but its fame rests on one or two picturesque set-pieces of cottages, not on its overall plan or relationship to its surroundings. If he had chosen Aldsworth or Barnsley, both within five miles of Bibury, I would never have doubted him; as it is, I wonder. And at the other end of the scale, when he castigates Los Angeles for the usual reasons, I wonder if he has been and seen that in spite of everything it does have a downtown area with old housing in it, and bare green hills as near to the centre as in any city I met in America. I feel that both examples may be victims of the same kind of abstraction—in other words part of the bigger fault of preferring ideas to particular cases: Bibury, Burford, Chipping Campden to stand for the English village as they do in all the glossy travel books, Los Angeles to stand for the big bad American city.

So there it is: I agree with almost everything Mumford says and I cannot bear the way he says it. There is no meeting point, as there would be in the opposite case where I was sympathetic to the means of expression but disagreed with the conclusions. The really important thing in life as in city planning is the 'how', not the 'what'. If something—anything—is done with love and true tolerance, not just freedom-to-like-what-I-like, then it will be all right, even if it is cram-full of bric-à-brac and oleographs. It is only the right 'how' that will harmonize all the different 'whats' that represent all the variety of human temperament.

Make Me a Soldier. By Arthur Behrend.
Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.

In 1915 Mr. Behrend, then a subaltern with a Territorial battalion of the East Lancashires, wrote an account of his recent experiences in Gallipoli and sent it for publication to William Heinemann, who was interested and submitted it to the censor. However, what little could be passed was not enough to make a book and the typescript was returned to the author, who let it stay in its parcel for nearly forty years. Reminded of its existence by a journey through the Near East, he took it out and added a foreword and some introductory chapters. The result is the present book. The additions are perhaps not more remarkable than might have been expected from an intelligent business man (Mr. Behrend is not a stranger to authorship but his normal occupation is in a family shipping firm) though they are enlivened by the reproduction of such rare documents as the breakfast menu at the

North Western Hotel, Liverpool, for August 5, 1914—the author confesses himself to be 'something of a hoarder'.

The original narrative is a different kettle of fish. Here, preserved like a fly in amber, is the sense of what it was like to be an infantryman on the Gallipoli peninsula in May 1915. Mr. Behrend was obviously an observant, reliable, sensible and brave young officer. His story is not in the least introspective, and there is nothing in it of the weary horror of later and more famous writers of the first world war. But the account of comradeship, death, decay, muddle, waste and inefficient command is all the more telling for being entirely without preconceived notions, while the details of such things as going into the trenches or joining a new company in action could not be clearer and are perhaps a unique survival. And though there have obviously been deeper or more poetic descriptions of modern battle, Lieutenant Behrend got down quite a few points that nudge one in the vitals—his hand going through a dead New Zealand officer he tripped over; corpses 'literally steaming in the hot sun'. There are some equally authentic photographs and a sufficiency of helpful maps.

ROY FULLER

The Algerian Problem. By Edward Behr.
Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.
Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

Good books on controversial current problems are sometimes written by journalists, sometimes by more academic writers, and each kind has its distinctive qualities and uses. It is rare for a book to combine both merits—the immediacy and personal experience of the good reporter with the impartial objectivity and balance of the scholar. Mr. Behr's book on the problems of Algeria is such a rarity. For ten years he has been almost continuously concerned, as a press reporter, with North Africa and French policy there, and his claim that the book 'was honestly written' is fully borne out. The first quarter of it is devoted to the historical background of the French conquest, the consequences of the *présence française* and the failure of the policy of assimilation. Remarkable continuities of characteristics were established: severe repression of revolts which still lasted a long time and became wars; a tendency for military authority to assert its superiority over civilian; an exasperating inconsistency of Parisian policy; extreme intransigence of the European community in Algeria.

With these firm lines established, the remainder of the book provides an intelligent and highly illuminating explanation of how the Algerian tragedy developed from the uprising at Sétif in May 1945 (savagely suppressed by a French Government which contained Communist ministers) through the early phase of the rebellion of November 1954 to the present war that President de Gaulle is pledged to end. Algerian nationalism, Mr. Behr shows, was not originally and entirely a movement demanding independence. That demand grew with experience of faked elections and disappointed hopes.

Nor was the original revolt of 1954 led by either Ferhat Abbas or Messali Hadj, and only after April 1956 did it become a mass movement. The crisis that toppled the Fourth Republic and brought de Gaulle to power in May, 1958, had its long-term origins in Algeria as well as its more immediate origins in France. The ever-changing balance of forces and contrasts of attitudes remain one of the most baffling features of the whole problem.

The author describes, vividly and intelligibly, the policies pursued by de Gaulle, the 'week of the barricades' in Algiers and the *putsch* of the Generals last April, the Evian talks, and (of even more long-term importance) the 'silent social and economic revolution' of the Sahara. His chapter on the Algerian economy and the rebellion is particularly fine, and emphasizes events too often masked by the noisy extremists of either side: 'by 1959, Ouargla's tiny hole-in-the-wall shops were selling radios and bicycles, refrigerators and even washing machines'. The end of the war in Algeria will be only the beginning of its ultimate dilemma—the Malthusian problem of a population fast outgrowing its economic basis.

DAVID THOMSON

Reappraisals in History. By J. H. Hexter.
Longmans. 30s.

In this volume Professor Hexter collects a number of his essays and articles published during the past twenty-odd years. By way of a post-script he adds a series of reflections on history and charges to fellow-historians, in a tone of valediction which all who know him will devoutly hope to be wildly premature. There is also an introductory essay by Mr. Peter Laslett. What gives unity to the collection are, on the one hand, Professor Hexter's pungent thought and pungent style, on the other his constant purpose. He has for years waged war against certain theoretical notions applied to his chosen period, the centuries between about 1450 and 1650. In particular he has battled unrelentingly against those who like to interpret history as the 'rise' of classes and therefore describe these centuries by means of the crude mechanical tool termed 'the rise of the middle class and decline of the feudal nobility'. The best of his essays (especially those on the education of the aristocracy and the myth of a Tudor middle class) constructively demonstrate how jejune and useless such misapplied simplifications are. He also reprints his notorious 'Storm over the Gentry', a demolition of the parties of Professors Tawney and Trevor-Roper shown engaged in a shadow-war, now made more convincing still by being provided with footnotes. His assault on the alleged sins of historians further takes in 'tunnel history' (the dividing up of history into categories like social, economic, diplomatic, constitutional, and so forth), the misuse to which the word 'factor' has been put, and a general onslaught on conventional clichés betraying absence of thought.

Now it is certainly not to be denied that there is a great deal of truth in these slashing attacks. Indeed, the trouble is quite the other way round: is there nowadays sufficient life in the notions attacked to justify these essays? Perhaps, influenced by Hexter's rightly frequent use of the first person singular, I may cite a personal example. Some eight years ago I sat down to

write a general history of Tudor England in which the middle classes made no appearance and (I flatter myself) most of Hexter's other abominations seem also to be missing. I did this in shameful ignorance of his writings on the point; and it is no doubt my proper reward that he should now make no reference to my efforts.

However, in trying to practise what he preaches I did not think myself all that original, and after re-reading him now in bulk I remain in some doubt who it is he is attacking. Few names are mentioned. Pollard (attacked through easily his worst book) and Tawney, yes; but these are historians of a decidedly earlier generation to whom we owe much but whom surely no one expects us to follow slavishly. Textbook writers in general get vigorous blows, but they are not identified. Judging from such American textbooks on the sixteenth century as it has been my misfortune to see, both Hexter and I would certainly find much sloppy thinking and a hopelessly futile framework (a modified and gutless Marxism) still surviving there; and much more, no doubt, washed around in the 'thirties when Hexter apparently first framed his protest. But are such books at this date worth all this powder and shot; are not the real historians much less vulnerable? Hexter may retort that they are 'tunnel historians' and thus also beyond the pale. Of course, the subdivision of history into watertight artificial pigeonholes makes nonsense of everything, but without some 'tunnels' history cannot be written at all. The process of writing, which takes place in time and lineal space, can never actually re-create a situation itself concentrated into one point of time and a cross-section of space. Provided it is informed by understanding and imagination, tunnel history is a necessary way of dealing with the complexities of human experience and, at the very least, the sole method of laying the foundations of more ambitious ventures.

Still, these witty and sensible essays, hitting many a nail on the head (even if some are already driven into the wood) are the work of a true historian and must be read. Their relevance is possibly more formidable in their original American setting, among historians more given to demanding frameworks of ideas and generalizations. What really makes one wonder a little is that even Professor Hexter at once proceeds to the creation of categories. As far as the evidence goes, they do, in his hands, assist the truth, even if on occasion one cannot agree with him. Thus he too readily writes off nationalism and nationhood in the century, and invents some doubtful pairs of opposites to satisfy a thirst for dialectic. The trouble is that his suggestions will fall into other people's hands. And here Mr. Laslett's foreword sounds a trumpet call of warning. Hardly rid of one strait-jacket, he shows every sign of rushing into another. Sociology is to answer all our problems. Yet it was sociology, above all, which saddled us with the notions and so-called tools here so rightly derided. Picking up one of Hexter's asides, Mr. Laslett foresees a 'historical revolution'. He would have done better to note another of his author's remarks, referring us back to Ranke. There is still no substitute for hard work and a sceptical study of the facts. Of course, these will be most fruitful if they are used to answer intelligent questions, and the questions will grow more intelligent the more Professor Hexter's negative points are

heeded. His positive notions do embody some fine insights; but unless they are used with caution and with a devotion to history rather than any other form of study, they could be as dangerous as ever was poor non-existent middle class or rising gentry.

G. R. ELTON

Thomas Beecham. By Charles Reid.

Gollancz. 21s.

Sir Thomas Beecham. By Neville Cardus.
Collins. 12s. 6d.

Sir Thomas Beecham died last March and a few months are hardly long enough for the production of a balanced account of his full and complex career. Mr. Charles Reid's book is, nevertheless, a remarkable piece of work based, in earlier chapters, on an intensive study of newspaper files and other contemporary sources which give this part of the book an evocative charm for those to whom Beecham opened a world of splendour and enchantment, and later provided a solace amid the miseries of war. Nonetheless, the book would have been better for longer gestation which would have allowed some condensation, and might have led the author to reconsider so unwarranted a statement as that after Beecham's death, 'English music suddenly dwindled to what it was before 1906, a small and rather musty box'.

That Beecham was a conductor of genius, a musical impresario of great courage and enormous vitality hardly needs saying so soon after he has left us. But it is good that Mr. Reid should set out fully the immensity of his achievement and of the public debt to him. Yet what after all he accomplished, did he leave behind him no permanent memorial, except, fortunately, his gramophone-recordings? For an orchestra is only as good as its director makes it, and the scores of operas he sponsored or conducted have no abiding home of his creation. His schemes foundered upon a combination of flaws in his own character and of misfortunes that were no fault of his. His erratic behaviour and irresponsible utterances, amusing though they often were, did not inspire confidence in a man whose financial stability was understandable (though wrongly) made suspect by his long progress through the Official Receiver's court.

But the public, asked to subscribe to the foundation of a permanent Opera, took the view that any association with bankruptcy suggested something fishy, and they were not charmed in opening their purses by a man who was openly contemptuous of their musical taste. The fact is—and Mr. Reid brings it out well in a portrait that does not shrink from facing unpleasant facts—Beecham was completely self-centred. His sole interest in music was what he could do with it, his sole pleasure lay in extracting from an orchestra the most ravishing tones and elegant phrasing in works that he loved. He did not care for the music, no sense of responsibility towards the composer, to his colleagues (a pianist in a concerto or a singer or to the audience made him take any interest in the proceedings. I have known him go through an unfamiliar concerto thwacking the score on the first beat of each bar and, without a score, losing his way in an accompaniment and then, when the inevitable breakdown occurred, implicitly putting the blame on the unfortunate singer.



Are the Tories cruel, indifferent and selfish?

Iain Macleod replies to Sir Harold Nicolson

Recently in *The Observer* Sir Harold Nicolson said that he had always hated the Tories, that they were cruel, indifferent and selfish. In this Sunday's *Observer* Conservative Party Chairman Iain Macleod answers Sir Harold's charges in an extremely animated conversation with Kenneth Harris.

Macleod talks about what is really going on in present-day politics, about different attitudes

within his party. He gives an insight into the way the parties (and the Conservatives in particular) run their Conferences.

For frankness, for forthrightness, this conversation compares favourably with the memoirs of political figures who left active politics years ago. But Macleod is a man right at the centre of things, and he is talking about what is happening *now*.

DANNY BLANCHFLOWER joins *The Observer*

This Sunday Danny Blanchflower, captain of League and Cup winners Tottenham Hotspur, joins *The Observer*. He will write about football of course, and a great many other sports that interest him. His articles and reports, like his football, have a special sort of authority and originality. They are also highly entertaining. If you follow sport, you will enjoy it all the more with Danny Blanchflower.

For rugby fans:

Michael Green (of 'Coarse Rugby' fame) writes on Old Players Who Never Die.



THE OBSERVER

The New Leaders of Africa

Rolf Italiaander

In this timely work, the author who has lived and worked in Africa for nearly 30 years, scrutinizes the lives, actions and history making decisions of such people as Nkrumah, Nasser, Welensky and Verwoerd, whose thoughts and deeds are guiding the "dark continent" into the glaring light of the 20th century. 25s.

the khrushchev pattern

FRANK GIBNEY

Coexistence and its Workings through International Communism.

"Mr. Gibney gives a most comprehensive and competent survey of Communist manoeuvring in one country after another." *The Financial Times*. 18s.

Prentice - Hall

so right
for
writers
and
readers!



Edward J. Mason, co-author of the famous B.M.C. radio serial, "The Archers," seen here with his Lap-Tab.

Lap-Tab Folding Armchair Table. Just made for story-writers and readers. Letter writers and artists too. Slope quickly set by telescopic leg. Soft beige surface stops books and papers sliding. Pencils stay put in recess. Ash tray either side completes Lap-Tab comfort. Folds neatly flat for storage. Enclose cheque or P.O. with coupon. 79/9, carriage paid (U.K. only).



To: Lap-Tab Ltd., Dept. B, Haslucks Green Road, Shirley, Solihull, Warwick. Please send me Lap-Tab. I enclose P.O. cheque for 79/9 (please delete as applicable).

Name.....
Address.....

These things should be remembered in extenuation of the public's failure to respond to the opportunities Beecham generously offered, and of the failure of our musical institutions to harness his energy and artistic flair. He *ought* to have been director of the B.B.C.'s orchestra; he *ought* to have been director of the Covent Garden Opera when it became a National Opera after the last war. But such a man could not

work in harness. He had to be the dictator of policy. If anyone doubts this verdict, let him study Mr. Reid's book, which, despite a crop of mistakes that are not always printers' errors, is a remarkably successful biography.

Mr. Cardus's is a less substantial book, in which the author steals quite a lot of the limelight. It contains a wealth of anecdotes, most of which will be familiar to anyone who moved in

musical circles during Beecham's life, and which somehow seem less funny in cold print than when heard *viva voce*. Some of them, for instance the remarks about Toscanini and Walter, might well have been omitted. Mr. Cardus attempts no general assessment of Beecham's achievement, but a character does emerge from the loosely strung fragments of the narrative.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

New Novels

The Quick and the Dead. By Jerzy Peterkiewicz. Macmillan. 16s.

The Idler. By Neville Braybrooke. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Yes, Giorgio. By Anne Piper. Heinemann. 15s.

The Forgotten Smile. By Margaret Kennedy. Macmillan. 18s.

The Quick and the Dead by Jerzy Peterkiewicz, a Pole, is this author's fifth novel to be written in English. It is a weird, gripping, uncanny book. In non-fiction, C. S. Lewis has made us familiar with the world of the after-life, and in fiction, Muriel Spark's *Memento Mori* has introduced the subject with a lively and rather unnerving wit. Mr. Peterkiewicz's novel, however, is entirely original. His manner is matter-of-fact and convincing; his world of the dead is neither wraithlike nor allegorical, but completely concrete. Indeed, it is observed and described with such perception that the reader never questions its reality. Nor is this an overtly religious book though it becomes clear towards the end of the story that orthodox Christianity is at the heart of the author's convictions. *The Quick and the Dead* is all the more disturbing and compelling for not being written in the language or concepts of conventional religion.

Harold, Mr. Peterkiewicz's hero, is unaware that he is dead when this novel begins. Only gradually does he discover that he is invisible and that, when he stands on a weighing-machine, no weight registers. He has, however, acquired the ability to move from place to place easily and unobserved, and soon finds himself in the Canary Islands where he is happiest indulging in his new-found skill of remaining under water for long periods of time. With the help of Ivy Cook, a medium, and Dike, an enigmatic Negro, Harold begins to piece together his scattered past. Human time becomes almost meaningless to him, and he also undergoes a nightmare period when he meets his former mistress, Beatrix, and her husband, Robert, now dead, while he himself exists in a terrifying world where sex and violence, represented by a group of ghost-thugs with names like Kick and Spit, still have power over him. This, perhaps, is a kind of Purgatorio; it is certainly painful, and expiation and self-knowledge are hinted at rather than bluntly presented by the novelist.

This strangely potent book ends when Harold discovers that he himself was hanged, that his other-worldly leader, Lazarus, is a satanic figure, and that Beatrix had connived at the death of her unborn child. Forgiveness and heavenly reward are referred to obliquely, but the general impression the reader gets is that, though his condition is not hopeless, Harold still has a long way to go before he will find lasting happiness.

The Quick and the Dead is an obsessive and exciting work of the imagination. It might, I suppose, be read as a particularly ingenious example of science-fiction, but I myself am sure that Mr. Peterkiewicz is both a less conventional

and more interesting writer than most purveyors of fabulous inventions. He writes about death in detail, and he is sometimes alarming simply because his work carries such conviction.

Mothson, the drearily named hero of Neville Braybrooke's *The Idler*, is alive, but he is living in a world of maladjustment and partial amnesia. This novel traces his search for his own identity and for the cause of his perpetual but vague sense of guilt. *The Idler* is set in post-war London and the descriptions of Mothson's aimless wanderings through the city are easily the best part of the book. This is one of those novels in which the reader is told that something is psychologically wrong with the hero, but is left in doubt as to the nature of his sickness. In the 1939 war Mothson fought in the desert, and he cannot remember what happened to him between the time when he was wounded and the moment when he reached the base hospital in Alexandria. By night and day he strolls through London, making himself tiresome to a kindly married woman called Anna and trying to form a satisfactory relationship with David, a Jew who has become a Catholic.

We discover, at the end of the novel, that Mothson had, while in action, strangled his frightened Jewish sergeant, and that *this* is the suppressed memory that has been haunting him ever since. For me, this *dénouement* does not come off; it seems both trite and contrived. One's hopes for the seedy Mothson (who bears a superficial resemblance to Graham Greene's down-at-heel heroes) are thwarted and one wishes that Mr. Braybrooke had written a book about London instead of a fictional version of a neurosis. He writes very well and his talents are, I think, wasted in this novel.

Rose Williams, the chief female character in Anne Piper's *Yes, Giorgio*, is not so much in pursuit of self-knowledge as pursued and hunted down by it. Rose, married to an unexciting but good-natured Welsh school-teacher with leftist leanings, is alone on a scholarship in New York. She meets and becomes obsessed by Giorgio, an Italian professor of international law (incidentally, the only unconvincing element in this novel is Giorgio's academic status). Giorgio explodes most effectively the Anglo-Saxon conception of the romantic Latin; he is vain, conceited, faithless and spoilt. But he is also fatally charming and often disconcerting. Like so many Italians, he has discovered how to be both an attentive and dutiful husband and father and also a passionate and demanding lover—with two different women. Neither morality nor expediency clouds his only too clear conceptions of love and

sex. His ideas are well summed up in his own words, '... can't you see love comes to one in a million? ... It is not to do with sex or marriage or from which country you come ... it is who you are ... you have no right to it, but if it comes it descends on you from the sky like an extra benediction'.

Yes, Giorgio succeeds because it is a beautifully balanced and economical study not only of human emotion but also of the parts which climate, race, and upbringing play in adult passions. It is also immensely funny but with the sort of humour that is edged with unhappiness and not far from tears. The reckless journeys of Giorgio and Rose from one American motel to another, the ironic intervention of a blonde called Patsy, Giorgio's devotion to his wife and son—all these things are described with a sense of comedy which never ceases to be understanding. Rose, after deciding that 'You must have a talent for adultery, like everything else', abandons Giorgio and goes back to Wales, bearing an Italian child for her husband to father.

Yes, Giorgio is the kind of novel that might well have been brittle, clever or simply sordid. It is, in fact, comic without ceasing to be compassionate, and astute without being solemn.

Most of the action of Margaret Kennedy's new novel, *The Forgotten Smile*, takes place on a Greek island called Keritha. This book, however, also includes a number of flashbacks which do not always elucidate either the author's intention or the behaviour of her chief characters. Credulity, too, is somewhat strained when Selwyn Potter, Dr. Challoner, his old tutor, and Mrs. Benson, the mother of one of Selwyn's university contemporaries, are abruptly thrown together in order to work out their several destinies on the strange, slightly eerie island. The lives of Selwyn Potter and Mrs. Benson are described in a great deal of detail and both of them are suffering from some sort of loss.

The Forgotten Smile fails to carry much conviction, and one cannot help feeling that Miss Kennedy is now more at ease with the odd situation and the curious character-sketch than with a full-length novel. When compared with the menacing 'ghosts' of Mr. Peterkiewicz or the eager brevity of Mrs. Piper, her work seems a little old-fashioned. But perhaps one should remember that *The Constant Nymph* was also a daring success in its own day, and that there is something in Wilde's remark that 'it is always dangerous to be too modern. One is apt to grow old-fashioned quite suddenly'.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Black's Children's Encyclopædia

by W. WORTHY
and R. J. UNSTEAD

An entirely new, British book of reference, planned, written and illustrated for children of seven and over.

There are more than 2,000 specially drawn pictures and diagrams, over half of them in colour.

'Admirable', DAILY TELEGRAPH. 'Excellent', SCOTSMAN. 'Children will love this', THE TIMES.

In 2 vols.: each 35s. net,
the set 70s. net
In 4 vols.: each 20s. net,
the set 80s. net

Any bookseller will be
glad to show you a set

A. & C. BLACK

For Christmas Bookshelves



★ The Changeling

WILLIAM MAYNE tells how three children help Miss Durnthwaite to recover her lost memory. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus 10s 6d net

★ Tom in the Mountains

INGVALD SVINSAAS describes how the cat, Tom, is left alone for the winter in the Norwegian mountains. Illustrated by Gunvor Edwards 9s 6d net

★ For the King

RONALD WELCH's exciting story of Neil Carey, who fights for the king in the Civil War. Illustrated by William Stobbs 12s 6d net

★ Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales

L. W. KINGSLAND has newly translated thirty-two of the best-loved stories. The charming illustrations by Ernest Shepard include eight plates in colour. 15s net

Books for Children and Young People

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS



The Faber Storybook

EDITED BY

KATHLEEN LINES

A collection of traditional and modern stories for young children, with enchanting illustrations in colour and line by Alan Howard. "Admirably presented to push out the small horizons."—

NEW STATESMAN. 25/-



Please write for a full list of
Books for the Young to

FABER & FABER

24 Russell Square,
London WC1

Jonathan Swift

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

edited by Elaine Moss

Illustrated in full colour throughout, this superb new edition has been specially prepared for young readers, yet retains all the vigour and vitality of Swift's style. 21s.

Gaby Baldner

JOBA and the WILD BOAR

A brilliantly illustrated picture book in full colour with text in two languages, English and German. 12s 6d.

Write for complete list of
Books for Boys and Girls
to

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD

10-12 Orange Street

London W.C. 2

I want to be...

A COWBOY

A FARMER

A ZOO-KEEPER

AN ANIMAL DOCTOR

A new series of 'career' books for children who are beginning to learn to read for interest.

The simple and informative text is written by Carla Greene.

Gaily illustrated
Each 7s. 6d. net

Starting Science

BELOW OUR FEET
WATCHING THE WEATHER
BUILDINGS AND BRIDGES
LIGHT, LENSES
AND COLOUR

Written by J. M. Branson, these books will be of particular interest to youngsters who are eager to discover how things work, and why.

Illustrated
Each 5s. net

THE CHALET SCHOOL WINS THE TRICK

E. M. Brent-Dyer

Miss Dene of the Chalet School does not hide her anger when she finds five strange girls making a camp-fire on the School's cricket pitch. This feud sets the stage for the 46th book in this world-famous series.

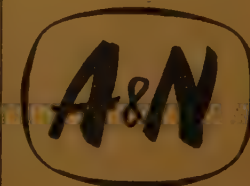
208 pages.

7s. 6d. net

W. & R. CHAMBERS LTD

every book for everyone

All books reviewed and advertised here can be ordered with confidence from the huge range in the world-renowned Book Department at the



ARMY & NAVY STORES

Westminster SW1

Victoria 1234 day & night

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

Children's Books

Tell Me a Story

By NAOMI LEWIS

I COULD POINT OUT, to show a few straws in the wind, that in these books I count three French châteaux, four child detectives, several pairs of twins, and one very happily adopted girl; that dark hair is worn by most heroines, that a touch of magic is still admissible, and that children are once again, in fiction, physically invulnerable. But it could be more seriously observed that by far the most striking of the books are set in distant places or bygone times, where the natural taboos and restrictions of most contemporary tales cease to work.

In her impressive *Dawn Wind*, for instance (Oxford, 12s. 6d.), Rosemary Sutcliff, one of the few fairly 'difficult' authors who seem to be eagerly read at most levels, goes back to Roman Britain. She clearly is not aiming at children specifically—there are no concessions to the usual codes about violence, time, and death—but is writing, rather, from the scene itself, in which she is deeply engaged. Owain, a young British boy, is left without home or family by a Saxon invasion. With Regina, another waif of the ruins, he turns to the north; but to save this girl, who falls ill, he gives himself as a thrall to a Saxon household. There he grows up, not knowing if she ever survived, and caught, himself, in the changes and turns of history. But the end is worth the hardships of all the rest, for the reader no less than the boy.

René Guillot, though he shows less purpose than Rosemary Sutcliff, is a gifted, strange though casual and uneven writer, preferring, one suspects, to work like an old-time magician, through sensation alone. If a single one of his numerous books had to be chosen to give an idea of his range and quality, there could hardly be a better choice than this, *The Fantastic Brother* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). His three recurring themes are the sea and seafaring, the African jungle, the ancient château or house in France with its dire family secret that a young boy waits to learn. And in this extraordinary tale all these are condensed into one. Lucas Gaud, the hunter's son, goes to serve Count Baudoin in his ancient castle. The Count is now in his hundredth year, and almost blind. In the château are his young twin grandchildren, boy and girl; why are they never seen together? And can the great sad battle-scarred boar with the jewelled ring in its ear by chance be the Count's own son? The supernatural boundary grows very thin, but one cannot be sure—the Guillot sleight-of-hand at its best.

The story told in *Children on the Oregon Trail* by A. Rutgers van der Loeff (University of London, 15s.) is, by contrast, actually based on fact, and a truly remarkable tale it is. In 1844 a family of seven children, the eldest 14, the youngest an infant in arms, set out alone through hundreds of miles of wild and unknown country, to reach the Columbia valley in Oregon. They had also an ox, a cow, and a dog. Their parents had died on the trail and John, the eldest, was determined to carry on the quest. Through his terrible will-power he marshalled this strange little nursery party through forest, quicksand, desert, flood, and snow, now burnt,

now frozen, and always starved, to the mountain slope overlooking the valley itself. Children may note that adults have no part in the journey at all.

Looking for Orlando by Frances Williams Browin (Oxford, 10s. 6d.) recalls, in fiction, a still more notable passage of American history. One of the great escape themes of all time is that of the so-called Underground Railroad through which American Negro slaves were helped to make their way to the north. This excellent novel deals with a 'station' of that intangible line—a farm in Pennsylvania where eighteen-year-old Sam Chase goes to stay with Quaker relatives. What turns the would-be informer into a helper is an actual meeting with a runaway slave who becomes his protégé. Good theme, good story.

My Friend Yakub by Nicholas Kalashnikov (Oxford, 12s. 6d.) is a vivid, nostalgic account of a little Russian boy to whom his mother's native Siberian village is for years a promised land. At last they return, and it is all that they have desired: a settled home, traditions, animals, dancing, fairs, summer harvest, winter sleigh rides. And Yakub is always to hand, the wise old storyteller. 'There are always ways of getting the things that we should have', he tells the boy, and the stepfather lets him have both the pony and the dog. No dates—but evidently early in this century. *Annuzza* by Hertha Seuberlich (Methuen, 15s.) is a book of a similar kind, but the heroine's story is more complete. I find it a memorable one. Annuzza is a Rumanian peasant girl (when? Again, no dates). She comes of a fairly prosperous farming family, and loves the fields and the land. But the rule of the house is work, obedience, no wasting money on pretty clothes for girls. Yet in spite of having to read her books while working out of doors, she contrives to win a scholarship to the high school in the town. There she does very well, and hides her peasant background from all, not least from her closest friend, the wealthy, affectionate Nadine, and from the handsome young military



cadet who courts her so tenderly. What happens when she reveals the truth? For all the unfamiliar scenes, any girl in a modern English town and school should be able to see in Annuzza's tale a likeness to her own.

In the next five books we return to ordinary fiction-land; plausible doings of English children today. There are one or two sparks of originality here, even so. In *The Queen of Trent* by Mitchell Dawson (Abelard-Schuman, 12s. 6d.) two children, a mild little boy and his dictatorial older sister, plan to stow away on a local canal boat to journey to the mysterious 'heart of England'—which, alas, is a mere geographical point in the nearby town. They appeal for aid to a highly individual little barge-boy who is putting in a brief, remote, reluctant appearance at the local school. Nine- or ten-year-olds will happily read it for the thrill of the plot (mild robbery, kidnapping, pursuit by narrow boat) which overlays the very authentic material about canals and the people who live on them. But I admire this book for its fine sense of sympathetic comedy in the portrayal of the two boys and the girl—and of the playground mob, for that matter.

Showell Styles is a reliable writer who leaves you a good deal better informed than you were on matters like rock-climbing or speleology, yet does not fail to provide an alluring setting and plot. Thus, in *The Shop in the Mountains* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) he tells of a family who move to a mountain cottage (with shop) in remote north Wales after the father's mysterious death on a Himalayan expedition. John promises his mother not to climb; but in the end it is she who takes him out on a desperate rescue venture, ropes and all. And the several secrets are happily solved at last. *Leopards on the Loire* by Robina Beckles Wilson (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is about a musical family. The parents are pianists; Alistair (fifteen) plays the viola, conducts the Youth Orchestra, and composes, too. Lively Sarah is ten, adopted (an interesting fictional variant) and she has her own musical gift. Ultimately we find them all taking part in a version of *Son et Lumière* in a small but beautiful château on the Loire. A happy, eventful tale.

I don't know why, but fictional children who merely take holidays in France seem bound to get involved in detective work the moment they arrive. *The Cave in the Cliff* by Kathleen Mackenzie (Evans, 12s. 6d.) pleasingly illustrates this. Two nice schoolgirls, Veryan and Julie (sixteen and thirteen) go to stay with Aunt Verity 'who was a painter and lived in France in an old mill she had done up'. A selection from the titles to the pictures in this book may give an idea of its tempo and its range: *Veryan hung on to his neck. The nun did not seem to see them. She saw a dark shape rising above the sill. There was rather a squash in the dinghy. The man said something and pointed to a heap of bracken. The screams she gave brought Aunt Verity running. The first, it must be said, refers*



Illustrations by Gwyneth Cole from *Leopards on the Loire* and (above) by Pauline Baynes from *The Unicorn Window*

to the neck of a pony. But the nun is certainly there. For, as they pass through the customs, she begs them to take through a parcel—a holy vessel—and save her convent the risk of paying the duty. 'It's such an odd thing for nuns to do', says Julie worriedly. But there it is in her suitcase—and that is as much of the tale as a critic ought to reveal.

The Vicarage Children by Lorna Hill (Evans, 12s. 6d.) is another old fictional friend one is always happy to meet. Four children with frail, sweet, laughing mother (she has 'golden hair and dark brown eyes like the insides of pansies'), saintly, scholarly, absent-minded father, all live in a historic old vicarage without electric light or indoor water supply, but with a centurion's grave in the garden. Clothes are handed down from relatives who are not so much affable as condescending. The two episodes I recall after

closing the book are (a) the affair of poor Alison's party dress which took so much trouble to put together and looks so wrong at the ball; and (b) the day when Mandy innocently demonstrates the medieval machineries of the house to the Archdeacon himself, achieving more results in twenty minutes (as her father says) than he had done in nearly as many years. One cannot but like this tale.

The Unicorn Window by Lynette Muir (Abelard-Schuman, 12s. 6d.) belongs to a different genre. It is a fairy-tale fantasy from a modern base in which two children (boy and girl twins) enter the land of Heraldry, with its sharp designs, clear colours, and medieval codes. One senses a hint of Carroll, an echo of Malory. In the old house where they are staying is (or was) a stained-glass window representing a unicorn. They have broken this in a game, and the

creature has vanished. In *Armor* (as the land is called) only Anne, the maiden, is able to catch the beast, and this she finally does. There it is, in the moonlit glass of the library, back again, safe and sound. The fault with this book is that the style, the manner, and the commonplace children themselves are not on the level of the theme. One feels that the author has been too anxious to please an imaginary infant Philistine—a sad mistake, and one into which such writers as Sutcliffe and Guillot (see above) are careful never to fall.

Among a recent batch of excellent Puffin reprints are *The Otterbury Incident* by C. Day Lewis (2s. 6d.), *The Wool Pack* by Cynthia Harnett (3s. 6d.), *The Hobbit* by J. R. R. Tolkien (3s. 6d.), *A Little Princess* by Frances Hodgson Burnett (3s. 6d.) and *A Hundred and One Dalmatians* by Dodie Smith (3s.).

Children through the Ages

PUBLISHERS CONFRONT modern children with an embarrassment not so much of riches as of numbers. They have discovered that 'Juveniles' are big business, but not, I suspect, the authors to supply the demand. In the stack of books from which I have winnowed the following there were numbers for which there appeared no conceivable reason for publication.

Outstanding, as usual, among the publishers of juveniles is the Oxford University Press. With their exciting jackets, excellent illustrations and typography, the Oxford Press books are better in quality and no higher in price than their rivals'.

There is no single book which I would select as a masterpiece; and so I shall review them roughly in historical order, giving the publisher's or my own guess at the age-group that is aimed at.

Hittite Warrior (12 up) by Joanne Williamson (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) is an excellent novel based on the story of Uriah the Hittite told in the Book of Judges. Based firmly on historic probability, it gives a vivid picture of the racial and religious struggles of Hebrews, Canaanites, Philistines, and Egyptians in 1200 B.C., a fluid world in the meeting point between Africa, Asia, and Crete. Uriah himself provides an interesting study of the development from pantheism through human sympathy to monotheism.

The story of Perseus tends to haunt the schooldays of most children, through Kingsley, Hawthorne or the Latin Exercise book. Retold by Ian Serraillier from a variety of sources, *The Gorgon's Head* (8-11, Oxford, 9s. 6d.) is simple and exciting and embellished with illustrations by William Stobbs. To join the Iliad and Odyssey in the Oxford Illustrated Classics comes *The Aeneid of Vergil*, retold by N. B. Taylor (all ages, Oxford, 15s.). Though, of course, it gives no flavour of the Vergilian epic, the story emerges in a way clearer; and just as a story, it is very good.

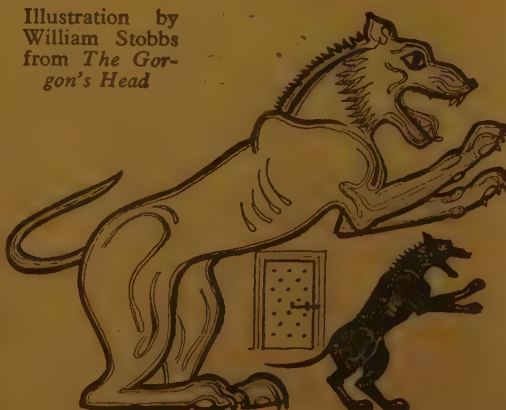
The indefatigable Hans Baumann (whose *The World of the Pharaohs* I thought ruined by a personal story) has most happily contrived a history of the Punic Wars with a personal story for the 12-ups, *I Marched with Hannibal* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.). It is just the sort of thing to make this part of the school curriculum come alive. (From Hans Baumann also for the 6-11s

comes *The Roundabout on the Roof* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.), a piece of whimsy about a little girl who lives without playmates in a great park but who escapes in search of her dachshund to play with children of all the world. It is carried by the colour illustrations of Ulrik Schramm, which are gay and comic.

Leaping forward again in time, we reach the Norse section. Allen French has retold the saga of *Grettir the Strong* (all ages, The Bodley Head, 13s. 6d.). It is much abbreviated, and the rude bits are left out to an even greater extent than they were in the Everyman edition whose dots intrigued my schooldays. What it preserves is the psychological observation which distinguishes Icelandic saga from other folk literature, a world of boldly observed human beings amid ghosts and trolls. *Beorn the Proud* (8-12, Constable, 12s. 6d.) is a saga-type story by Madeleine Polland with a love story about an Irish girl captured by a young Dane, despite his father's command to take no prisoners and how in Beorn's later adventures she saves him from the dangers of his pride. From Constable also, we have Alan Boucher's sequel to *The Path of the Raven*, *The Greenland Farers* (12s. 6d.) in which Halli Thordarson sets sail in the *Raven* hoping to escape from the blood feud in which he has become involved. He doesn't succeed in doing so, but by the end he is all set for a third volume. When one thinks of the richness of the genuine saga literature, one wonders whether these saga-types are really necessary.

Also from Scandinavia (to break the chrono-

Illustration by William Stobbs from *The Gorgon's Head*



logical sequence again) comes *Mickel Seafarer* the prize-winning sequel to the prize-winner *The Brig Three Lillies* (12 up, University of London Press, 12s. 6d.) This story is laid at the end of the last century in a Swedish fishing village. The language in which it is told is simple, but I confess that I found it hard to understand exactly what was going on and my children were equally puzzled. But it would certainly not have won a prize unless it was intelligible to someone.

A Cry of Players by Margaret Jowett (11 up, Oxford, 12s. 6d.) is the story of an Elizabethan boy with a love of the theatre who runs away and gets involved with Edward Alleyn, Will Shakespeare, and the rest. I think I would have been more impressed by this if I hadn't read a very similar story a few months ago.

Ronald Welch, who uses the Carey family to range English history rather as John Masters uses the Savage family for Indian history, reflects the Civil War in *For The King* (11 up, Oxford, 12s. 6d.), through the dilemma of young Neil Carey, posed with the change between the King and Parliament. His is not a style that greatly appeals to me, but there is no doubt of the usefulness of the Carey books in the imaginative understanding of history.

The year 1875 is not to me 'history'. But to my children, it is, like the year of my birth, 1908, 'olden time'. So I suppose Gillian Avery's *To Tame a Sister* (12 up, Collins, 12s. 6d.) must be considered as a historical novel. It was the book which gave me most amusement. Gillian Avery has specialized in Victorian pastiche of the comfortable middle class. She has abandoned the family of Professor Smith whom we met in earlier novels, but the tall, hungry and mildly delinquent Reverend Copplestone provides a link between the Professor Smith novels and this one concerning the Harding family. Margaret, the eldest, is adult-conscious, trying to be artistic, polite, grown-up. But unfortunately Charles and Arthur, respectively one and two years younger, are cleverer, more natural and, though resolutely anti-adult, far more successful with the aged.

The three of them, together with Mr. Copplestone, find themselves during the rainy August of 1875 in the remote Oxfordshire mansion of Mr. Althelstan Fulke (author of Fulke's Monographs on the Contents of Gentleman's Libraries in the County of Oxfordshire), his Cousin Hester, who writes books about lonely children,



The Children's Song Book

contains over seventy carols, songs, games and nursery rhymes for children to sing and for parents to sing and play to them, collected and arranged, with simple piano accompaniments, by Elizabeth Poston. Susan Einzig's drawings are in a second colour throughout. An ideal Christmas gift book. 30s

Tom Tiddler's Ground is an anthology of English poetry chosen and annotated for children by Walter de la Mare, one of the greatest poets of childhood, and now reissued in a completely redesigned edition, with line decorations by Margery Gill and a foreword by Leonard Clark. 18s

Grettir the Strong by Allen French, with drawings by Bernard Blatch. A stirring tale of Grettir, the Icelandic hero, who deserves to rank with Beowulf, Roland and Robin Hood. This exciting book is remarkable for the way in which it captures the drama, excitement and feeling of Icelandic legend. 13s 6d

The Bodley Head Monographs General Editor, Kathleen Lines. The four most recent titles in this series of short critical accounts of the life and work of notable authors for children are. **Mrs Molesworth** by Roger Lancelyn Green, **Mrs Ewing** by Gillian Avery, **Noel Streatfeild** by Barbara Ker Wilson, and **Eleanor Farjeon** by Eileen Colwell. each 7s 6d

A for the Ark is an unusual alphabet book about the animals Noah took with him into the Ark, written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin, with a colour drawing on every page. 10s 6d

Anatole and the Robot by Eve Titus, illustrated in colour by Paul Galdone. Anatole, the French mouse, has a serious problem on his hands when a cheese-tasting robot is appointed to take over his job. 8s 6d

Children's Book Show. A Publishers' Association exhibition of over 3,000 books to be held at R.B.A. Galleries, 6½ Suffolk Street, S.W.1, from December 5-16. Admission free.

BODLEY HEAD

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE



The Saracen Steed

ARTHUR ANTHONY GLADD Hugh was tending the family holding in Aquitaine, when from the forest stepped a magnificent Saracen horse. This horse heralded the Saracen armies that invaded France in 732. Here is the story of how Hugh tamed the Saracen steed and helped in the campaign that culminated in the battle of Tours. This gripping book is brilliantly illustrated with line drawings by William Stobbs. 12s 6d

Bramble Fortress

PETER KNIGHT A magnificent story set in the period of the Napoleonic Wars by the author of *The Gold of the Snow Geese*. The scene shifts from England to France, then back again, always with the suspense mounting and the background as authentic as it is vivid. 14 line drawings by E. Boye Uden. *Mayfair Library* 10s 6d

The Curtain Rises A Story of the Theatre

W. MACQUEEN-POPE This superbly produced volume tells the story of the English theatre from its very beginning up to the present day. Every keen playgoer will wish to keep it handy to consult at leisure, and it has been written in such a compelling and vivid style that it will be read straight through with pleasure. Abundantly illustrated with many prints, drawings and photographs. 25s

The Young Sportsman's Library

This is a new series of books, imported from America, which gives young people valuable information on equipment and technique for many different outdoor activities. Each volume is profusely illustrated with halftone plates and line drawings. *Each 15s*

The first titles to be published are—*The Young Sportsman's Guide to: SALT WATER FISHING, FRESH WATER FISHING, SKIN DIVING, SAILING, GOLF, TENNIS, HUNTING, WATER SKIING, HORSEBACK RIDING, SKIING.*

The following are to be published early in 1962—*The Young Sportsman's Guide to: FLY TYING, FLY FISHING FOR TROUT, ARCHERY, MOTOR BOATING, CAMPING, SWIMMING, DIVING, KARTING, CANOEING, FIGURE SKATING, SPORTS CAR RACING, GAME ANIMALS, GAME BIRDS.*

Nelson

NEW ADVENTURES OF GALLDORA



MODWENA SEDGWICK

Galldora is the popular rag doll known to thousands of children who listen to BBC Children's Hour. Writing of the author's previous book Margery Fisher of *Housewife* says: 'I really don't see any child resisting Galldora.' Illustrated 7/6

THE BIRD THAT FLEW INTO THE SEA

CLAUDE AVELINE

A collection of nonsense stories of rare charm. 'Bound to give as much joy to the mother who reads it aloud as to the children who listen to it.'—*Maura Laverty*, in a broadcast.

Illustrated in two colours 10/6

FOR OLDER BOYS & GIRLS

CAMPBELL K. FINLAY'S

Shepherd's Purse

Through this fascinating story of shepherding and farming in the Western Isles runs a fuse of suspense which explodes in a breathtaking climax. By the author of *Fisherman's Gold*, now being serialized in *Children's Hour*. Illustrated 9/6

RENE GUILLOT'S

The Wild White Stallion

'All youngsters who enjoy a horse story will revel in this tale.'—*Catholic Herald*.

Illustrated in full colour 10/6

By the same author: *Beyond the Bambassa* (11/6) etc.

WINIFRED

FINLAY'S

The Lost Emeralds of Black Howes

A mystery adventure story set on the Yorkshire moors. 'Another good Winifred Finlay adventure story, with a perfect climax.'—*Evening Gazette* 9/6

ALICK HAYES

Pam & Doctor Syntax

This popular radio and TV writer tells how Pam manages to keep her showjumper, Dr. Syntax, in spite of many difficulties. 'Thrills and spills of show-jumping.'—*Manchester Evg. News*.

'Absorbing human story of a 16-years-old girl.'—*Books Of The Month*. Illustrated 10/6

HARRAP —



THE STORY OF MRS PANKHURST

JOSEPHINE KAMM'S splendid 'Story Biography' of the fight for women's right to vote, and of Emmeline Pankhurst who inspired and led it.

Illus. 12s 6d



a new book in The Adventures of

TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR, a new full-colour cartoon book by Hergé. 'Top people may or may not read *The Times*,' said John Verney in *Time & Tide*, 'they certainly do read *Tintin*.' 8s 6d



THE FANTASTIC BROTHER

RENÉ GUILLOT'S haunting story of buccaneering in the time of Louis XIV takes fifteen-year-old Lucas deep into tropical Africa. Illus. 12s 6d

METHUEN

Junior PEARS Encyclopædia

the

new

reference book for all at school
and all who have to answer their
questions. Fully illustrated.

Over 600 pages : only 15/-

PELHAM BOOKS, 26 BLOOMSBURY STREET, W.C.1



RUMER GODDEN

St. Jerome and the Lion

A delightful narrative poem illustrated throughout in two colours by Jean Primrose—of a lion who lived with St. Jerome in Bethlehem. 8s. 6d.

NORMAN BATE

Vulcan

A book for very young people by the author of *Who Built the Dam?* The story of an old-fashioned engine is illustrated in two-colour line. 8s. 6d.

REINHARD HERRMAN

Jonah and the Whale

The story of Jonah and the Whale, told in simple words and with full-colour illustrations on every page. 9s. 6d.

MARGOT BENARY

Dangerous Spring

A fine novel for teenagers by the author of *The Ark*—set in Germany towards the end of the war. 13s. 6d.

BARBARA SOFTLY

Plain Jane

A fine historical adventure story set at the time of the English Civil War. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. 13s. 6d.

J. STRANG MORRISON

The Monach Light

Three boys find mystery and excitement in a remote island in the Outer Hebrides. They stumble, by chance, on a secret radar station! Illustrated by Drake Brookshaw. 13s. 6d.

E. C. SPYKMAN

Terrible, Horrible Edie

The funny, tender story of a little girl, who, snubbed by her brothers and sisters, finds adventure on her own during a summer holiday. Illustrated by Prudence Seward. 13s. 6d.

ROBERT FERGUSON

Fur Trader

The story of Alexander Henry, one of the legendary figures of Canada—who had many exciting experiences with the Indians. Illustrated by Douglas Sneyd. 13s. 6d.

MACMILLAN



and their daughter Guenevere, who is so artistic that she doesn't eat. A healthy appetite is shared by Mr. Copplestone, the two boys and even Margaret (though guiltily). The taming of Margaret begins when she discovers that the celebrated pianist Herr Heidegger can eat even more quickly than Mr. Copplestone. It is a relief to find a children's author (in this vast deployment of crypto-instructional talent) who is content with fun, laughter, and the indignities of adolescence.

E. M. Nesbit, with another family of the same name, is represented by the re-issue of *Harding's Luck* (8-12, Benn & McCann, 13s. 6d.) which is a continuation of the magical *House of Arden*.

There are only two representatives of contemporary magic. *Down in the Cellar* by Nicholas Stuart Gray, with Ardizzone illustrations (8-13, Dennis Dobson, 12s. 6d.) is engagingly told by Bruce, half an hour older than his sister Julia, two years older than Andrew—and Deirdre is only five, but as she is psychic she's a lot older in a paranormal way. I didn't understand what was happening with the young man Stephen whom the children found in a cave and hid from enemies, who might be spiritual, political or physical, in the old cellar under their uncle's rectory. The author seemed just a bit too clever for most children. But his story shadows out into the dark corners of the fancy. My own children began with great excitement and ended as I did, foxed.

Woorroo by Joyce Gard (10 up, Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) is a wilder fantasy of a boy who grows wings and flies, at the same time far narrower in imaginative range and far more carefully authenticated than *Down in the Cellar*. We have all had the fantasy of flying (and many of us have read Freud). Perhaps this was why I agreed with my daughters that the book tailed off, when the winged boy was placed in reality situations. Fancy should be free.

The only contemporary English story which has attempted to be realistic is by the editor of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, John Rowe Townsend. *Gumble's Yard* (11-15, Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) disobeys all the rules of children's stories. Kevin and Sandra are orphans, living with Uncle Walter and his nagging mistress, Doris, in a Northern slum. Walter has two younger children of his own. Doris leaves Walter because she can't stand family life in the mean house. Walter goes off, deserting his own children and his brother's. And the kids are left to fend for themselves. This is a situation which never happens so sordidly in children's books, though often in newspapers.

They do a moonlight flit to a broken-down attic in Gumble's Yard, trusting that when they have got over this squabble, the 'family' will be able to carry on somehow.

The children have to enlist allies, a curate, a schoolmistress, another uncle; but in the moral problems with which they are faced during this, they grow up enough to be able to face family life with Walter and Doris once more. They have learnt meanwhile that both Doris and Walter were worse than they expected. But they have also learnt to deal with them. Parents who are confessedly imperfect are so much easier to live with than the god-like. *Gumble's Yard*, though physically sordid, is morally a most stimulating book for children. I was not surprised to hear that no publisher in the United States would touch it.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

Off to a Good Start

CHILDREN'S BOOKS have been growing more lively over the last few years, as gay and jaunty stories from America have come to set the pattern over here. After a time this buoyancy may pall, but for one age at least it is ideal: every scrap of encouragement is welcome for children who are halting on the verge of reading, at that painful stage when every word must be puzzled out with care, and anything striking and vigorous—the Beginner Books, for instance—may offer just the stimulus they need. These Beginner Books come from America, and show it in their every turn of phrase. They are streamlined, immediate and slick. But there is plenty of action, a slight touch of madness, plenty of cheerful fun; the pages ring with an underlying rhythm and often with the echo of

Illustration by
Helen John from
All-of-a-Kind Family



a rhyme, so a child who begins to struggle with the meaning finds that his ear is aiding his eye; above all, the reading is made so easy that a child can gain confidence at once. I can praise these books from most welcome experience, for in a matter of days they changed my five-year-old sounding board into a literate assistant, and my work has been appreciably eased. (*The Cat in the Hat* by Dr. Seuss, and various other authors and titles, all published by Collins and the Harvill Press at 8s. 6d. each.)

I might have second thoughts if this slickness became an addiction, but so far all promises well: now that he is reading fluently my helper has turned his attention to books that are thoroughly worthwhile. From a pile of new titles we have sorted out our favourites, and those which are brisk and snappy have been set on one side, while the more serious ones remain. For the youngest age-group there is *Brave Baby Elephant* by Sesyle Joslin (Collins, 7s. 6d.), a happy story with careful, loving drawings in black and white and pink. *The General* has large and glowing pictures in a cheerful, childlike vein, and a story with an admirable point (by Janet Charters, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.). We move to Bangkok with *A Wish for Little Sister* by Jacqueline Ayer (Collins, 10s. 6d.). This is calm and unusual, and it should help to broaden its young readers' interests with its pleasant Eastern touch. *This Time Stories* by Donald Bisset (Methuen, 8s. 6d.) is fine for reading aloud. These short tales have bursts of imagination which are unexpected to an adult but make sense at once to a child. St. Pancras station, Upside Down Land, The Puddle and The Bun—the characters are simple and basic, but they are shaken together in a kaleidoscope of nonsense which any young

child should love. Totally different, but just as good in its way, is *What Happens Underground?* by Ray Bethers (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.). This is a laudable attempt at thoughtful non-fiction. The language is simple but not babyish, and its accounts of gems and strange fossils, of caves and lairs and mines, could well lead on to a permanent interest in the scientific study of the earth.

There are some excellent animal stories, culled from all over the world. From Poland there is *Squirrel Redcoat* by Jadwiga Werner (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.); Inga Borg's *Bru—The Brown Bear* (Warne, 9s. 6d.) is set in the snow and the wastes of Lapland. Both these are charming and yet sensible: it is such a joy when animals are treated with affection and also with a serious respect. *Listen, Listen!* is based on splendid photographs, by Ylla (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.), and soft young kittens and small, sprightly puppies play across its pages to any child's content. And from America we have *Barnaby and the Horses* by Lydia Pender (Abelard-Schuman, 12s. 6d.). This is a happy poem of a story, a poem without formal rhyme or metre but rich in the moods of a warm summer evening, with the cool, clear lure of a river and the great strong horses from the farm.

We have been moving slowly upwards through the age-groups, and now I turn for advice to my senior assistant, who has been reading for a couple of years. She has seized on *The Faber Story Book*, edited by Kathleen Lines (Faber, 25s.). This is a big, rich book, with all sorts of good stories, and there is reading matter here for days on end; when one remembers the high price of most slim and slender volumes it would seem to be money well spent. Good value, too, is Alf Proysen's *Little Old Mrs. Pepperpot*, now reprinted as a Puffin at 3s. Mrs. Pepperpot is an old woman who keeps shrinking to a few inches high and who copes with such crises with skill. In the earlier edition of her adventures she was quickly a favourite at home; this paperback is in admirable print and there is no risk of its straining young eyes.

Then *The Little Juggler* by Barbara Cooney (Constable, 10s. 6d.) is a book all on its own; a quiet work of art, it retells the old French legend of the Juggler of Notre Dame, and it tells this beautifully, with many illustrations whose careful, medieval details set it apart at once. Brought next to my attention are two pleasant books for the sevens and eights; both are well written, and they deal with such sensible, likable children that they are very encouraging to read. *The Genie in the Marmite Pot* lives up to the promise of its title and blends a touch of eastern magic with the matters of everyday life (by Muriel Hooper, Faber, 13s. 6d.). In *Blackberry's Kitten* by Lettice Cooper (Brockhampton Press, 10s. 6d.) the story is really very simple, but it seems to be tremendously important to a child who is fond of pets, and the pictures of the mother cat and her newborn scrap of a kitten are unsentimental and unspoilt. Other full-length stories for the sevens and eights are brought out in the Antelope series; these books pack a great deal of action and adventure into simple, readable prose. Boys can so often be difficult to please, but *Andy and the Secret Papers* by Ronald Taylor is an exciting story about army children and with this

you could hardly go wrong, while *The Penny Pony* by Barbara Willard should be quickly acceptable to girls. (These and other Antelope titles from Hamish Hamilton at 6s. 6d. each.) Fuller and more elaborate stories come in the Reindeer Books (also from Hamish Hamilton, at 8s. 6d. each). Of the various titles in this series, our favourite is *Bill Badger's Finest Hour* by B.B. To my mind its prose is sometimes rather clumsy, but its animals are gentle individuals, the scenes from nature are closely observed, and my daughter is very well content.

Of all the stories for children, perhaps the most rewarding are those which are set in other countries or in distant corners of the world. If these are well written they can hardly be surpassed. There is *Come Back Jock*, for instance; this is translated most fluently from the Swedish of Viola Wahlstedt (Collins, 10s. 6d.). The children in the story are completely real, as real as any friend one might make in an English school, yet their adventures with wolves and reindeer and wandering Lapps will open a whole new way of life to readers over here. There is the crisp and exhilarating sense of vast expanses of snow, and the cold, white terror of a storm. *Journey for Femima* by Gwendolyn Bowers (Mowbray, 10s. 6d.) is a dashing historical romance. Set in Canada and New England in the early eighteenth century, it gives a very vivid picture of the age. The plot seems sometimes too involved, but the pioneer spirit is clearly evoked, and the heroine and hero are superb. Then there are two strong stories with North American settings which should appeal more especially to boys. *The Pony Express* by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Bell, 13s. 6d.) is a saga of true adventure of the opening-up of the West, from the time when the Pacific mail first went across the Rockies in the face of most formidable odds. *The Pinto Horse* by Charles Elliott Perkins (André Deutsch, 10s. 6d.) is an American story which was written in the twenties and is now revived and published over here. The author knew his subject at first hand, and his horses, from the wild Western ranches in their heyday, are the mightiest giants of their kind.

Book after book has been well worth reading—it may prove to be a vintage year where works for children are concerned—but I have saved to the end the one I like best of them all. This is for the nines and above. Here again we are taken to new surroundings, not this time to anywhere obviously dramatic but to the four-roomed home of a struggling Jewish family, somewhere round the turn of this century, in lower East Side, New York. Conditions are hard, but *All-of-a-kind Family* by Sydney Taylor (Blackie, 12s. 6d.) is fundamentally a happy book, because its characters are solid and worthwhile. The family work hard and cheerfully whatever troubles they meet; the Jewish observances may seem strange at first to many readers, but it is good to meet something that is new, and one comes to see something reassuring in the pattern of festivals and ritual as a background to family life. In a good crop of books for children, this one is outstanding for its dignity and warmth.

JENNIFER BOURDILLON

The Children's Song Book by Elizabeth Poston with drawings by Susan Einzig (Bodley Head, 30s.) contains a collection of songs for children to sing and parents to play; they include such traditional favourites as 'I Had a Little Nut Tree' and 'Three Blind Mice', and end with translated lyrics from Spanish and Portuguese.

Chosen by the Beasts

MR. JOHN TEMPEST has written, and Mr. William Stobbs has illustrated, a charming little book, *The White Deer* (Benn, 12s. 6d.) which will delight all naturalists, young or old. It is a simple story of a lonely-hearted eleven-year-old boy, David, one of the sons of a New Zealand sheep farmer, who meets a white hind in the bush and falls in love with her, she with him. He is the sort of little boy that animals trust, but there is no mystical strain on this conception, as there is in others of these books, for the hind is a tame hind who, it is later discovered, has escaped from a private zoo. The pretty creature is pregnant. But David's father will not allow him to keep her as a pet; he is a serious farmer who tolerates only 'useful' animals ('I don't see why Dad thinks everything has to do something . . . Some of the best things are for nothing') and he roughly stampedes her back into the bush. David seeks and finds her



Illustrations from *The White Deer*

again and keeps her secretly for weeks in a disused barn, stealing milk and food to feed her. And the moving part of the book is that, frightened though he becomes when her labour starts, this little boy helps her to deliver her fawns. It is a touching romance, told by a writer who has a deep feeling for animals and can interest us also in the characters of his people.

M. René Guillot, too, uses (as admirers of his books will know) the young hero whom the animals 'choose' because he can speak their language. M. Guillot's African world is a mystic world in which men and beasts are brothers and which contains 'lost' places where the animals hold sway. But it is also here and now, for it is invaded by modern children who get mixed up in its animism and magic and with the fauna with which it is so stuffed that it might almost be a game reserve, if game reserves fitted into M. Guillot's scheme of things. Hunting and trapping are legitimate enterprises, of course, for though men and beasts are brothers all have to eat, and zoos, it seems, have to be stocked; yet M. Guillot suits all sensibilities, for some of his sympathetic characters are allowed to free the creatures caught or caged by other sympathetic characters. He likes, in fact, to have things both ways, and I found his present confections hard to swallow, his plots perfunctory and improbable, his dialogue often stilted, and his morality perplexing. In *Mokokambo* (Collins, 10s. 6d.), M'Bali, the valuable pet elephant and devoted servant of a little girl Lina is sold to a dealer for a circus or zoo by her parents because they have suffered a privation and are 'too proud' to accept the financial assistance offered by a friend; and a medal for bravery, so to speak, is pinned on Lina's front for assisting in this avoidable act of treachery unprotestingly and with a stiff upper lip (though she is shown as a

wilful enough child elsewhere). Naturally M'Bali gets rescued, but only after the dealer's cheque has been found to be a dud. In *Master of the Elephants* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.) the hero Fofana (described as a tall, strong African boy of fifteen, 'handsome as a young god', and depicted by the illustrator as a wretched little piccaninny of about ten), who is 'chosen by the beasts', shepherds by his sympathetic magic a large herd of wild elephants into his tribal territory, avoiding spoil-sport reserves and the lands of other tribes, apparently so that the submissive creatures may be hunted only by his own people. Many readers may think, in fact, that M. Guillot's animals are not always awfully fortunate in the people they 'choose'.

Elephants seem popular this year. Mabel Cobb's *Old Phoebe* (Yoseloff, 12s. 6d.) is an old elephant who escapes from a burning circus in the first chapter and is rescued from a swamp by her boy-friend Jim in the last. In between she regales us with reminiscences of her adventurous life in Nepal and the tales her mother told her about historical characters, such as Hannibal, who made use of elephants.

There does not seem to be an elephant in Mr. Gerald Durrell's *Island Zoo* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) in the grounds of his Jersey home, but he provides a light commentary upon some of the rare and not-so-rare animals he has collected there, and Mr. W. Suschitzky provides some excellent photographs of them. *Animals of the Wild*, by Marcelle Vèrité (Oliver and Boyd, 17s. 6d.) affords lots of curious information about the domestic lives of many creatures and a useful guessing game for children as to their identities.

But, one wonders, to what extent are today's young teenagers any longer seriously interested in the lives of the beasts? M. Guillot peps up his stories to suit the scientific age by giving his youthful explorers exciting air-journeys to his 'lost' places. Some boys, presumably, will read Mr. E. G. Neal's *Topsy and Turvy* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), for he is a schoolmaster and his pupils helped him to rear the two baby otters who are the subject of his book. It is sad that the otters, when fully grown, left their foster home, where they had been cared for and televised, and never returned to say thank you; perhaps they did not appreciate Mr. Neal's rather jocular style of writing about them. 'B.B.'s' *The Badgers of Bearshanks* (Benn, 10s. 6d.) is a delightful book and full of excellent country lore. How delicious when human beings come to grief in their persecution of, or interference with, the animals. Too seldom, alas, does it happen. But in this book the persecutor of the badger family gets a finger bitten off and his dog is caught in his own trap. A splendid book, romantically illustrated by D. J. Watkins-Pitchford. Mr. K. F. Barker makes heavy weather in *Me and My Dog* (Country Life, 25s.) over a friendship between his Boxer and a stray kitten, as though such an alliance had never been heard of before. His expressive drawings alone, one feels, would have told the whole story without the need for a long text.

J. R. ACKERLEY



COLLINS

BEGINNER BOOKS

'Just what we have been waiting for.' MARJORIE GENESE—CHILDREN'S BOOKSHOP, OXFORD

Books that the just-beginning-to-readers can read by themselves and enjoy. The first six books include two by the world-famous Dr Seuss.

The Cat in the Hat

The Cat in the Hat Comes Back

A Fly Went By

A Big Ball of String

Sam and the Firefly

The Big Jump & Other Stories

With Harvill 8s 6d each

NOVELS

John Verney

FEBRUARY'S ROAD

'The best genuine children's novel of the year.'

BRIOL HUGH-JONES 10s 6d

Dorothy Clewes

THE SINGING STRINGS

A mystery adventure featuring those unshakable Hadley children. *10s 6d*

Gillian Avery

TO TAME A SISTER

A superb new Victorian story from the author of *The Warden's Niece*, *Trespassers at Charlote*, etc. *12s 6d*

Donald Suddaby

CROWNED WITH WILD OLIVE

'Heroic, evocative tale of a boy's journey through ancient Greece.' NAOMI LEWIS—OBSERVER *12s 6d*

Introduction to the House of Commons

ROBERT RHODES JAMES

A most readable and thorough account of exactly what goes on in the House of Commons.

'A gorgeous book.'

NOEL STREATFEILD *illustrated 12s 6d*

Gerald Durrell

ISLAND ZOO

'A delightful account of his private zoo. Beautiful photographs by W. Suschitzky.'

GLASGOW HERALD *12s 6d*



Angus and Robertson

FINE BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

* * * * *

Louis Darling

PENGUINS (12s. 6d.) SEALS AND WALRUSES (12s. 6d.)

BEFORE AND AFTER DINOSAURS (15s.)

KANGAROOS (12s. 6d.)

Four delightful books—each very fully illustrated—showing how these curious animals developed. Separately or a wonderful gift set.

Eleanor Frances Lattimore

THREE LITTLE CHINESE GIRLS

WILLOW TREE VILLAGE

Two charming little books set in far-off China of earlier days—each illustrated by the author. *10s. 6d. each*

Margaret Paice

A JOEY FOR CHRISTMAS

The author has brought alive the countryside of Australia in this warm-hearted story of a boy and a girl and their Joey—a baby kangaroo. *Illustrated 12s. 6d.*

Gwenda Allen

LINDY AND JAMES

The adventures of two young Australians in London *Illustrated 12s. 6d.*

Patricia Wrightson

THE ROCKS OF HONEY

A wonderful adventure story of a group of young Australians and their search for a mysterious Aboriginal relic. *Illustrated 15s.*

Listening Time

An attractive collection of stories and verse for children of three to six years. Especially suitable for reading out aloud. *Illustrated 16s.*



ANGUS & ROBERTSON

54 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

New books for Christmas

Three additions to our outstanding series of prizewinning children's books from other lands

Children on the Oregon Trail

A. RUTGERS VANDER LOEFF. This remarkable story of the early West is based on facts gathered from old pioneer diaries and letters.

'By far the best book published this autumn. One of the most moving pictures of a child's singleness of purpose and courage that I have ever read.' NOEL STREATFEILD. *15/- net*



The Road to Agra

AIMEE SOMMERFELT.

The story of Lalu, an Indian boy of 13 and his sister Maya, aged 7, who walked more than 300 miles through jungles and over plains to Agra, where they hope the hospital will be able to save Maya's sight. Winner of the Norwegian State Prize. *12/6 net*

The Other One

SIMONE MARTIN-CHAUFFIER.

An original and imaginative story, based on fact, about sea warfare between French and English, in 1692. Awarded the Prix Jeunesse. *12/6 net*

Based on a series of BBC programmes **THE WORD**

Discovering the Bible

DAVID SCOTT DANIELL and the REV. PROFESSOR G. W. H. LAMPE. A fascinating account for children of how the Bible we know today reached its present form. Strikingly illustrated. *9/6 net*

For younger readers

Norwegian Fairy Tales

BRENDA AND REIDAR ROMSKAUG. Trolls, princesses, birds, and animals... more than twenty delightful folk-tales are included in this intriguing book. *Illustrated. 12/6 net*

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS LTD

**3 new children's
books from
Ward & Kaye**

PETER AND THE WOLF

Warren Chappell has adapted and illustrated Prokofiev's delightful story, set to music, to make a charming and unusual book. Illustrated in full colour, 10s. 6d. net.

MODERN FUNDAMENTALS OF CHESS

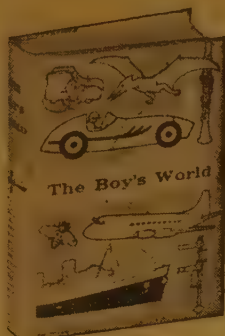
Fred Reinfeld, one of the greatest exponents of the game, describes what is literally the easiest way to learn chess. 96 pages, 108 photos, 21s. net.

MORE AND MORE ANT AND BEE

By Angela Banner. A gaily coloured little book teaching little children to spell some five-letter words. Full colour pictures on every opening. 5s. 6d. net.

194/200 Bishopsgate,
London, E.C.2

Are your children interested



in sport,
youth hostelling,
nature,
home-handicrafts,
the arts?

There is a mine of information on these and other subjects of interest to boys and girls in

THE BOY'S WORLD THE GIRL'S WORLD

Packed full of practical advice
and hints on almost every
subject

*Wonderful value
at only 10s. 6d. each*



BLACKIE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

Well worth visiting!

*Newly designed
from top to bottom,
Foyles famous
bookshop now
houses over
4 million volumes
(on thirty miles
of shelving) in
pleasantly 'bookish'
showrooms.*

119-125
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines)
Open 9-6 (incl. Sats.)

2 mins. from Tottenham Court Rd. Stn.

NEW CHILDREN'S BOOKS FROM ODHAMS

THE STORY OF OUR ALPHABET

S. Paulson Russell

How did our twenty-six letters come into being? The answer ranges back through thousands of years, over many nations and countless men, in this true, thrilling adventure story for 8 to 10-year-olds. Maps, charts and illustrations make this a most exciting book. 7s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF THE WEST

Charles Chilton

More dramatic than any fiction—the true story of America's wild frontier and the men who created its legends through four hundred stirring years—the trail-blazers, pioneers, redskins, cowboys, heroes and villains. A fascinating book for all lovers of Western lore. Illustrated. 21s.

MAGIC CARPET TO NURSERY RHYME LAND

A delightful book of nearly twenty well-loved nursery rhymes, pleasingly designed for the 2 to 5 age-group by Gwyneth Mamlok, whose lively drawings in three colours decorate every page. 5s.

MAGIC CARPET TO ANIMAL RHYME LAND

More favourite verses brought to life for the very young, with Gwyneth Mamlok's gaily drawn, charmingly coloured pictures giving fresh appeal to every one of them. Uniform with above. 5s.

FOR THE 3 TO 6-YEAR-OLDS

GOOD LUCK MICK AND MANDY LOVE FROM MICK AND MANDY TAKE CARE MICK AND MANDY

Annie M. G. Schmidt

The adventures of Mick and Mandy, who investigate everything from the new watering-can to Daddy's typewriter—often with unexpected results. These attractive stories have been designed to lure beginners into starting to read on their own, while also appealing to younger children. The large text of each book is illustrated with over 50 silhouette drawings. Each 5s.

101 SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS

Illa Podendorf

An unusual and stimulating way of teaching boys and girls the basic scientific principles—through practical experiments that are as safe and simple as they are exciting and instructive. Illustrated with drawings on nearly every page, many of them in colour. 12s. 6d.

MAN'S ADVENTURE WITH MACHINES

René Guillot

In almost every sphere, mechanical power has made a difference to man's way of life. Here is the wonderful story of this power and all we have gained by it, from the first inventions to our own Machine Age—from the pyramids to the conquest of space. Lavishly illustrated. 15s.

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

Romance Brings Up the 11-plus

WORDSWORTH'S best philosopher has come into his own. It is for him (or her), in as yet unspecialized receptiveness, that the encyclopaedists plan and labour. For we have all been warned by Sir Charles Snow that the approaching shades are of two uncommunicating prison-houses.

The most deliberate effort of this kind seems to have been made for the *Wonder-World of Knowledge* (Odhams, 27s. 6d.) by a large editorial board headed by Professor J. A. Lauwerys of London University, the Headmaster of Harrow, and the naturalist Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. The method, firmly attached to a humanist viewpoint (we have met the Magi of Chaldea and Lovell of Jodrell Bank before we orbit with the asteroids), is markedly successful with the natural world and with man as its product, investigator and exploiter. Somehow it falters in the fields of the imagination. A hall of literary fame that has no room for Goethe, Molière, Cervantes, or Tolstoy should not, surely, offer Enid Blyton and Captain W. E. Johns, even as bait. Still, the 'Leisure and Pleasure' category, in which sport and culture go together as in the Labour Party's plan, is excitingly redeemed by a treatment of art that aims high and straight, taking us in its few allotted pages from Altamira to Lynn Chadwick, giving us Constable and Metsu and Ben Nicholson on the same glowing picture-page. The schoolboy who said of a contemporary embellishment commissioned by the L.C.C. 'It's a lovely scene, but the grown-ups won't understand it', has been honourably served.

There is much to be said, however, for rationing out these feasts of knowledge (for one thing, what will you serve next year?). The random nature of young appetites has always been recognized in the series of illustrated 'wonder-books' to which Ward Lock now add *Why and What?* and *Nature* (both at 15s.), and their *Junior Pictorial Encyclopedia of Science* (17s. 6d.) is on a similar pattern. My own tip would be to settle the matter with a basic reference-book, so as then to be free to meet individual tastes. Happily there is such a compendium of facts in the fat little *Junior Pears Encyclopaedia* (Pelham, 15s.), edited by Edward Blishen to cover a fascinating range of 'information serious and unserious'.

After that, Mayflower Books serve a variety of enthusiasms with, for example, *The First Book of Mythical Beasts*, by Helen Jacobson (9s. 6d.), *The First Book of United Nations*, by E. Epstein (10s. 6d.), *The First Book of Swimming* (9s. 6d.), excellent dry-land lessons by Don Schiffer, and *The First Book of Africa* (10s. 6d.), in which the American Negro poet, Langston Hughes, holds a moistened finger to the winds of change (they have already blown away some of his facts between revision and printing). This attractively designed series is not, as it might sound, for tots, but for child and adult together. For that matter the junior 'Pageant of Knowledge' series published by Collins at only 5s. answers blunt questions for the 8-11 group (*What is Light?*, *What is Sound?*, *What is a Solar System?*, *What is a Machine?*) which might find more than one parent stammering. Even better value at 7s. 6d. are the 'Swift' picture-books from the Longacre Press, with superb photographic cover of, among

other subjects, *Ballet*, *Space Flight* (with missiles, but without prejudice) and *Emergency Services of the World*.

The new zest for archaeology can be lavishly rewarded at an early stage with Bart Winer's *Life in the Ancient World*—transatlantic popularization at its better level, published here by Thames and Hudson (30s.). There is a profuse spread of illustrations in colour by Steele Savage, though like most books of the kind it omits the Indus Valley and anything else east of Mesopotamia. If the addiction has taken hold, there could be nothing better for the serious teenager than W. A. Smallcombe's *Archaeology for Young People* (Harrap, 10s. 6d.). At Reading and other museums the author has always encouraged young visitors, one of whom came back to him with an additional fragment of the cranium of Swanscombe Man. His explanations of periods, objects and materials, identification, field-work, preservation, are straightforward, thorough and engaging. He adds a bibliography, illustrations, a guide to schools and museum services, and a warning of the difficulties of the profession.

In *The Young Writer* (Nelson, 7s. 6d.) Geoffrey Trease similarly begs his readers (whom his pleasantly confidential approach will only enchant the more) to consider an alternative career. But if they are not to be deterred, he can tell them what to do from the age of 13 onwards to destiny. By comparison the young scientist may look pampered. The best of a number of books of the kind is Don Herbert's *Experiments for Young Scientists* (Bell, 15s.); for the more advanced there is *Young Scientist II* (Chatto and Windus, 18s.), a further collection of authoritative articles on advances in various fields—all with an accent on the practical—edited by Dr. W. Abbott; and Lawrence P. Lessing's *Understanding Chemistry* (Harrap, 15s.).

This seems the point for applying the spur of fame. *All About William the Conqueror*, by Thomas B. Costain (W. H. Allen, 11s. 6d.) might be taking an off-track, but my 11-year-old and a younger friend both devoured it. Anita Daniel's *All About Albert Schweitzer* (also 11s. 6d.) is in the same series, and for some it will seem the natural choice in the biography of idealism. Schweitzer is more briefly portrayed (by Norman Cousins) with fourteen other *Heroes of our Time* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), all by different writers and including Lord Shackleton's Nansen, Hallam Tennyson's Vinoba Bhave, Edith Cavell, Leonard Cheshire, v.c., and Helen Keller. *The Story of Mrs. Pankhurst*, by Josephine Kamm (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), adds another to the roll (special commendation for the drawings by Faith Jaques).



Illustration by Margery Gill from *Tom Tiddler's Ground*



Illustration by Faith Jaques from *The Story of Mrs. Pankhurst*

My special selections will include *The Young Pony Rider's Companion*, by Genéviève Murphy (Souvenir, 15s.) among a wide choice of pony-books, and for the nautical nephew Jack Knights's *Sailing* (Argo, 12s. 6d.), which covers the subject for all beginners. In a new edition of *The Boys' Country Book* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), John Moore has collected contributions from all the best people on all the best country pursuits (with the proper emphasis on pottering); but for the townee, whose need is even more imperative, I would choose Malcolm Saville's *Country Book* (Cassell, 12s. 6d.).

Books about other countries are always something of a problem (do you give them before, or after, the continental fortnight?). But there is a unique series by M. Sasek, with gay and evocative pictures to supplement the guidebooks, published as *This is Venice* (and Munich, Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, etc.) 'for children, if you can tear them away from adults' (Allen, 15s. each). To go with the first really business-like tool-set, *A Workshop of Your Own*, by Martha Lincoln and Katherine Torrey (Chatto and Windus, 9s. 6d.) seems to have everything, but not beyond toy-making. There is a big, new-fashioned book on *The Story of Cars* (Oldbourne, 15s.), and there is a nicely old-fashioned (but not outdated) *Marshall's Book of Railways*, edited by C. E. Waller (Marshall, 12s. 6d.). Walter de la Mare's anthology of poetry for children, *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, first published as three little books thirty years ago, comes in a new one-volume edition with drawings by Margery Gill (Bodley Head, 18s.). It should be lying around in every growing household, while for something new there is James Reeve's poetic alphabet *Ragged Robbin* (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.), lap-size and full of pictures by Jane Paton. Finally, remember that red balloon floating, forlorn and exquisite, over the Paris roofscape? There is another film; and another book, using splendid stills from it: *Trip in a Balloon*, by Albert Lamorisse (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.).

FRANCIS WATSON

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Public Grievances Ventilated

ON NOVEMBER 13 'Panorama' followed up its story of London's dispossessed by bringing fifteen of those about to be evicted to the studio to meet a panel of experts, Mr. Aspell representing the property owners, Mr. Prichard of the Labour L.C.C., and Mr. Geoffrey Johnson Smith, M.P., for the Conservatives. The first pointed out that in a time of shortage private house owners would let to those with fewest children. Mr. Prichard blamed the Conservative Rent Act, and said that priority for the evicted would upset the priorities of other classes. Mr. Johnson Smith, the only one to express sympathy with the evicted, blamed the L.C.C. for not using their powers to cope with a situation of whose arrival they had been forewarned. He carried most conviction to the viewer. But it was small solace to the evicted to watch the experts allocating blame instead of discussing the solution of their problem.

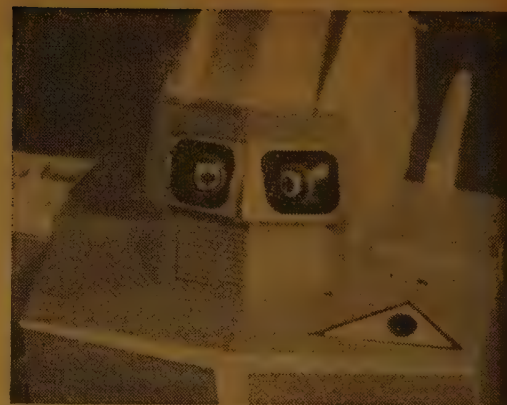
Similar complacency was betrayed by the Chairman of the Nottingham Planning Committee ('Tonight', November 17) at the grievance of a householder whose view had been blotted out by the wall of a supermarket warehouse. Influenza in the office had led the householder to be told that no planning permission had been granted, when it had; and an error on the plans had led the wall to be built thirteen instead of twenty-one feet from the house, the value of which had depreciated by £800. One gathered that provided the householder went on making an infernal nuisance of himself he might get compensation; but not otherwise.

In ventilating these public grievances and

allowing all parties to speak, the B.B.C. is helping to make democracy (so disliked by our managers) a potent force.

The best comic turns of the week were both on 'Tonight' (November 13): the first was a little film on the manifold uses of the 'Mona Lisa' and the second a preview of the American child's Christmas stocking—a grenade-throwing, rocket-firing robot commando, 'a Big Brother, never disobedient, giving the American child the security he needs'—a satiric item in which, with alarmingly rolling eyes, the robot demolished the other toys in the playroom.

'The Lemoine Affair' (November 14) was an amusing reconstruction of a swindle at the turn



From a preview of the 'toys' in an American child's Christmas stocking shown in 'Tonight': a grenade-throwing, rocket-firing robot

the tarantula, locked in mortal combat for possession of a nest and later covered with baby tarantulas, like lice.

'Bookstand' this autumn has been relegated to the 'intellectual ghetto' (10 p.m. some Wednesdays). 'A quizzical survey of books and writers', with V. S. Pritchett as literary adviser and chairman, it has not yet found its idiom. The first of the series was devoted to a discussion of Graham Greene, the second (November 15) was split between Evelyn Waugh—discussed by Pritchett, Frank Kermode, and Olivier Todd—and Goronwy Rees talking to Richard Hughes about *The Fox in the Attic*. Perhaps this programme is not meant for quizzical literary critics like me. I found the discussion of Graham Greene banal and that of *Unconditional Surrender* (for that is what the Waugh discussion boiled down to) completely wide of the mark. Pritchett, as always, betrayed a human appreciation of Greene and Waugh, a sort of generalized understanding. But none of the speakers showed any real knowledge of

what Waugh attempted in his trilogy, and as a literary squabble I found it far less stimulating than that of 'The Critics' on the same subject.

Rees and Hughes talking about *The Fox in the Attic*, on the other hand, was fresh, valuable and continuously interesting. Is the moral to be drawn from this that an author talking to one (or more) people about his work is a better formula than three different critics waffling about a writer who is unable to answer back?

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

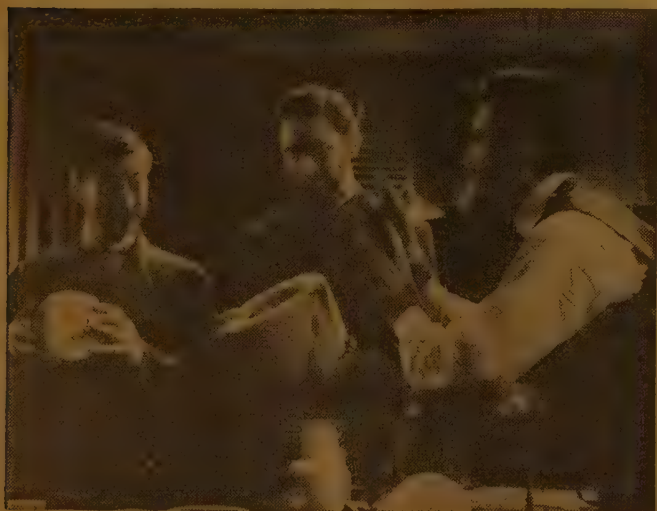


Giant statues at the caves of Long-Men, seen in 'The Shrines of China' in the 'Adventure' series

of the century, in which a young Frenchman soaked Sir Julius Wernher for £60,000 on the pretence of being able to make diamonds. It was narrated by Richard Attenborough and enacted with a fine proliferation of beards.

Dr. André Migot's 'The Shrines of China' in the 'Adventure' series (November 16) had the scoop value of coming from Communist China. It unobtrusively made the point that Maoist Marxism was employing ritualist techniques as non-rational as those of the non-political religions now being suppressed.

With the twenty-five-year-old Amelia, an enormous and rather venomous Latin American spider, crawling from hand to hand, the intrepid Peter Scott 'Look'-ed at arachnids (November 17) in a programme which filled me with wonder and delight. We followed the delicate construction of a web by the common cross or garden spider, the careful packaging of a fly in gossamer, and the lightning destruction of an unwanted male. From Hungary came a film of



'The Lemoine Affair': left to right, Guy Kingsley Poynter as William Feldenheimer, Kenneth Mackintosh as Sir Julius Wernher, and Paul Stassinio as Henri Lemoine

DRAMA

Two Up, Two Down

WHEN I BEGAN watching *The Johnny Darling Show* (November 12) I knew nothing of Mr. Anthony Newley and had no sense of occasion or any great expectations of amusement. Whitehall farce and the family fun of 'What's My Line?' had left me drowsy. It seemed odd that another of those shows should begin with an outside news commentator, but when a certain pop singer made his way through a moderately daft song with show-girls in attendance, everything appeared to be terribly normal.

It did not last. The singer was suddenly addressed by a voice of conscience or of doom talking plausibly about catastrophes apparently

due to occur next February, and we were off into the most brilliant satirical parody of the whole show-business myth which it has been my pleasure to see. The script and performance had none of the facsimile mimics or general amateurism of highbrow mockery of mass entertainment. It murdered polished nonsense with the pace, timing, and bounce which are the virtues of that nonsense.

The writing by Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse was sharply pointed in wit and disturbing in seriousness. Bryan Sears, the producer, kept the story's succession of sketches running with the professional smoothness which we demand from musical comedy and rarely get in satire or off-beat revue. The sorrows of a blown-up 'pop singer' became moving, and we worried with him about the drop in sales of his latest record. Nobody will forget in a hurry those two zombie dancing wenches with their ritual 'two-up, and two-down' conversation. But the graver figures—beatniks, sitting-down protesters, and a psychiatrist troubled about sex—were equally plausible. The mischief and the movement were equally good. Plainly work of this quality cannot be put into a serial programme, but we must see more of Mr. Newley, and *The Johnny Darling Show* itself emphatically deserves early repetition.

We have started on a new series of serials, and since all three of them began well I can break the critical habit of allowing them a fortnight to settle down. Harry Worth has a determined solidity in his clowning, and it makes a change to see a wandering comic whose polite persistence embarrasses the supposedly normal public instead of merely bringing shame and suffering upon himself. In *Here's Harry* (November 14) there was a good moment when the military two-stepping nuisance met resistance in his demands for co-operation in the finding of a lost ticket and stirringly asked 'Where's the spirit that won the war?'

Jimmy Edwards, 'purveyor of family humour', is evidently tired of being type-cast as an insulting roarer and wants to act. In the first of *The Seven Faces of Jim* (November 16) he



Here's Harry: Harry Worth (centre) trying to find a lost ticket for dry-cleaning at the local bus depot

Left: Anthony Newley (left) in a sequence from *The Johnny Darling Show*

demonstrated convincingly that he can be down-trodden as well as overbearing. The phrase 'This can't be Jim speaking' must have echoed in many a home. Messrs. Muir and Norden provided a fair story of the miseries of a lover whose girl has been taken up 'like a wayside rose' to bloom in the tinsel and glitter of dancing competitions. They also gave Alfred Marks opportunities which he took admirably in the part of a champion strict-tempo dancer. It is to be hoped that Mr. Edwards will not have to be humble throughout the series, as this would put too much strain on the viewer's willing suspension of disbelief.

Our long-standing complaint that home-grown criminals might after all be as colourful as the Belgian or French wicked and that there are other interrogating detectives than Maigret is being answered in *Jacks and Knaves* by Colin Morris (November 16). The north-country talk and flavour struck at least one expatriate as authentic. The arrangement of the crime was sensibly elaborate and worthy of an intelligent 'master-mind'. I liked the routine calm and steady scepticism of the police and the readiness of the respectable victim of burglary to exaggerate his loss for the deception of insurance firms. The hero detective (John Barrie) was

wisely played down on this first occasion, but his confrontation of suspects and soothing methods of inquiry were dramatic enough at the end.

Will there be complaints that psychological trickery should not be permitted to British detective-sergeants? If there are, Mr. Morris would be justified in claiming that his case histories are translated from another language.

FREDERICK LAWS

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Myth and Identity

THE NEW production of Louis MacNeice's *One Eye Wild* (Third Programme, November 14) by the author not only showed that improvement in radio technique is still possible. It served as a reminder of that special mood in the 'fifties which Nigel Dennis satirized in his novel *Cards of Identity* (Third, November 15). Mr. MacNeice, writing expressly for the medium in 1952, concentrates on a single character in that decade when Englishmen in particular were discovering that all their proud myths were broken reeds. His Roger Malindine is a sports commentator reduced by the absence of a sense of great causes to a celebration of the more trivial glories of the world of sport. His marriage is on the rocks, and when his wife leaves him to blunder on through yet one more cricket commentary, he crosses the road badly and is run over. In his concussed state he dreams a series of bold adventures in which Roger Malindine is a knight in armour engaged in a tournament, a hero of the first war and a victim of the second. On recovering consciousness his wife has returned and he accepts her humbly and wretchedly.

The day of the heroes is past, Mr. MacNeice suggests, and in this he speaks for that generation which began by adoring the idealisms only to find them hollow and fake. The discovery that the idealisms were fake has in a way exhausted the Malindines so that they can do little except present targets for Mr. Dennis and Mr. MacNeice.

Mr. MacNeice's study was necessarily more compact than Mr. Dennis's which was not intended to be heard in the space of ninety minutes. Michael Bakewell did his best to bring back the book alive, but though much of it made excellent listening I doubt whether



From *The Master Mind* in the series *Jacks and Knaves*: left to right, John Barrie as Detective-Sergeant Tom Hinchin, Philip Stone as Sergeant Harry Frost, and Leonard Williams as Detective-Constable Bert Hoyle

Jimmy Edwards in *The Face of Devotion*, first in his series *The Seven Faces of Jim*

someone who had not read the book would make anything very coherent out of it. Some passages came wonderfully alive but significantly they were the pieces of descriptive monologue contained in the proceedings of the Identity Club. The business about the Badgers, suggestive of the mumbo-jumbo celebrated by the press at the time of the Coronation, was as good as the narrative by Father Orfe who illustrated some of the folly practised by ex-communist priests. Mr. Dennis's eye for his period is however less kind than Mr. MacNeice's, and I think that his satire gets into trouble because it really is satire. The posturings and the myth-makings of our age do not escape him, and his recent play *August for the People* got into trouble simply because its satire did not stop short just before reaching the critics.

Though he is much more than a reporter I have the feeling that *Cards of Identity* will become an important reference to subsequent studies of the 'fifties. It characterizes the world of Roger Malindine, a world in which it seemed that there were no Holy Grails to be sought and in which many took refuge in tradition and decked themselves in a mythology to forfend the trivial round which came as an anti-climax to war and the achievement of social revolution.

For many, of course, the old magic of tradition and duty still works, and it would be easy for these to accept the conventions on which *Royal Foundation* (Home Service, November 18), by Simon Raven, depended. The play was originally seen on television and some difficulty in translating it was to be expected. But it seems that television writing in general has not got very far in twenty-five years, and Peggy Wells's task of adapting what was in essence a radio script was not a big one. The greater part of the action took place in a court martial, and listeners were spared the spectacle of the defence and witnesses being dramatic when the burden of the play was a debate on authority appreciated with logic rather than with the eye. An arrogant young Cornet in a select cavalry regiment falls foul of his Colonel, and when he has been made a Fellow of his Cambridge college he orders the eviction of the Colonel from the college quad. The Colonel then charges him with conduct unbefitting an officer and a gentleman and the court martial follows. The young man's defence rests on the fact that a Fellow is entitled to expel undesirable persons from the college and the two aspects of authority are shown in conflict.

To avoid the sadistic ritual of a drumming out, which I am sure viewers would have watched with interest and not a little glee, the play turns not very convincingly at the last on the discovery of a clause in the college statutes which allows the Provost to overrule the court martial.

In a manner which would delight Mr. Dennis much play was made of the appalling consequences of being drummed out, but it did not seem likely that Cornet Runciman was the kind of man who was going to care very much about it. As a piece of radio the trial made good listening, and I am very glad that I didn't see it. Television ought by now to be more than radio with pictures.

Eric Barker has returned once more with *Just Fancy* (Home, Fridays) to prove in his slight sketches that he properly understands the medium's potentialities. His two old men in the hotel are back again but he has worked up a splendid new sketch about two telephone operators in a country exchange. Their idle conversation is interrupted by callers and a play is made simply by overhearing. This piece promises to be a feast for the eavesdroppers.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD



SATURDAY NIGHT I usually find a dull one for listening. Light entertainment will either give me pop music on the Light Programme, or old-time dance music on the Home, with even more music on the Third. But I was delighted with last Saturday's listening. I admit that I owe most of the elation to Mr. Norman Mailer, whom I had always associated with the beatnik set. I was therefore surprised to find him a most serious writer, with an unlimited range of subjects: I found myself wishing the programme had been much longer—here was a man who was positive, direct and concise. No hesitation, no need for prodding by Mr. Colin MacInnes—in fact Mr. MacInnes had only to be the sympathetic listener for Mr. Mailer to pour out, in staccato phrases, his seemingly bullet-proof convictions.

They began by talking of Mailer's pre-occupation with God in his latest book, *Advertisements for Myself*. Mailer spoke of his belief in an existentialist God, not the omnipotent God of the Churches: 'Churches are not religious. They are now for social religions . . . A mass media for propaganda'. When asked what he was committed to, his answer was 'life'; and he went on to say that at times it was better for the devil to win, rather than have no decision made at all. Coming from Mr. Mailer this statement lacked blasphemy. He was so open and refreshingly uninhibited that one believed in him. Pornography was also discussed when Mr. MacInnes referred to a symposium in *Playboy*, in which a number of writers discussed this subject. Apparently only Mailer had any wise suggestions to make. MacInnes then remarked that perhaps Mailer was becoming conservative. Mailer immediately rejoined 'Have you ever met a wise conservative?' The programme was continually being buoyed up with such asides. It was certainly one of the best interviews I have yet heard.

On England and its literary life, Mailer felt that the talk here was more seductive and better than in America, but that if he stayed he would talk away his material. I should imagine he would be a big asset to many a literary party. His fluency and frankness would bring zest to any mutual admiration society! The one thing in the interview that caught my attention was his use of the term 'absurd'. Many writers have discussed this word and its meaning, but none so deeply as Albert Camus, who felt that it was not a thing-in-itself but a meeting of two things, existence and the individual mind. It was Camus's endless, frustrated search for truth which made him first conscious of the absurd and led him to write 'Man will find again the wine of absurdity and the bread of indifference which nourish his greatness'. The analogy is exceptionally clear. Mailer felt that the fear of appearing absurd in the eyes of others kept the majority of 'civilized' people from realizing their creative potentialities. I hope we hear much more from Mr. Mailer in the near future.

Later on Saturday evening in 'The World of Books', we heard Dominic Behan talking with H. A. L. Craig. There seem to be quite a few people who can well do without the interviewer—Mr. Behan is among them. He spoke of his famous family and how little he knew really of his brother Brendan who was 'always away in Borstal institutions'. I hope his book and his future work is as warm and lively as his talk. This programme was one of the best in the series for a very long time—it was well-balanced and well-presented. There was Professor J. Isaacs talking on his favourite subject, the ballet;

Good Talkers

Gabriel Fielding, the doctor-novelist reviewing two books on mental breakdowns, so dispassionately that one shuddered with morbid fascination. Finally we heard the poet, Andrew Young, give a highly interesting talk on natural history in poetry.

My listening last week was concentrated mainly on 'light' entertainment. This included 'Roundabout', described in *Radio Times* as 'a daily round of music, news, views, and information on all manner of topics'. It is just that, and in its own way can be very entertaining.

'Any Questions?' last Friday in the Home Service had a highly competent panel—Miss M. Laski, Lord Boothby, A. G. Street, and Jack Longland. Among the subjects discussed, or rather argued, were the Congo, the state of London housing, faggot in public schools, and whether 'gentlemen prefer blondes'.

I like Arthur Street's unchanged and bull-dog-like tenacity—he may sound slightly depressing at times but one feels he will go on quite unperturbed.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC



Straussiana

I HAVE LONG loved the music of Richard Strauss. Not so long ago it was considered to be in rather bad taste to be addicted to the lush Edwardian sexiness of *Salome* and *Elektra*. Perhaps there was an element of puritanic snobbery here, but whatever the reason Strauss was a composer to gorge upon, and at heart not many of us could resist him. Now, if I am not mistaken, the Strauss boom is on the wane. So, at least, it would seem from the meagre publicity given to the first British performance by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra last week of Strauss's *Japanische Festmusik* (Third Programme, November 18).

This large-scale work in four sections was first given, we learnt, in Tokyo, in 1940, 'to celebrate the 2,600th anniversary of the Japanese Empire'. H'm. Official commissions do not always bring the best out of a composer, but even so this Japanese venture showed up the composer who had so long dominated the European scene pretty poorly. It was not that Strauss's inspiration was running dry. On the contrary, grandiose themes profusely gushed forth from trumpets and horns; the orchestration, with glockenspiel, gongs and cymbals kept busy, was consistently em-purpured; and the form, including a big fugue, was vast. A friend, more fastidious in his musical tastes than the eclectic critic can nowadays afford to be, declared this showy work to be an example of Straussiana that was revealing. It was the true Strauss, he insisted. I wasn't prepared to go all the way with this devastating judgment. But I had to admit that the previous evening the heavy-handed humour in the Sadler's Wells production of *Ariadne on Naxos* (Third, November 17), and even Zerbini's voluptuous aria, in which Marion Studholme did extremely well, was beginning to pall.

Jean Martinon gave a wonderfully fervent performance of the choruses, ballet music, fanfares, and hymns forming Debussy's incidental music for *Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien* (Home, November 15). I had not realized how evocative were the fanfare effects at the opening of Act III where, in a few bars, so much variety is achieved in contrasts of colour between the three families of brass instruments. Martinon made his miniature brass chorus phrase each of their entries with meticulous delicacy, and when the timpani finally thumped out its barbaric accompaniment one visualized unmistakably the cruel pagan court of Caesar Augustus. The sinister music of 'The Magic Chamber', almost as affecting as 'Klingsor's Garden' in *Parsifal*, was also most poetically played, and, among the

soloists, Elizabeth Simon was touchingly ingenious in her reading of the song of the Virgin Erigone. No doubt was left by this performance of the wealth of ideas in this late work of Debussy. The trouble is what to do with this seemingly disjointed succession of pieces illustrating the climaxes of d'Annunzio's five-hour play. There have been at least half a dozen attempts to recast the score as a ballet, a symphonic suite and an oratorio, and, though admirably played, last week's version was hardly the happiest solution. There is still an adaptation worth trying, a shortened film version, which d'Annunzio and Debussy, aware of the mis-carriage of their high-minded project, had themselves hoped to realize.

The Thursday Invitation Concert (Third, November 16) introduced a bold experiment in the *Winter Music* for two pianos by John Cage.

I wasn't able to assimilate all Cage's revolutionary ideas set out in the presentation, but one of them I thought remarkable: we were required to listen to this music as a deaf man might watch the action of a play. We heard, therefore, only isolated chords or prolonged sonorous echoes in vast expanses of silence. Another piece of avant-garde tomfoolery? I'm not so sure. Without any ironic undertones, one can truly believe that there is not only a music of silence (Vaughan Williams's 'Silent Noon' for instance) but that silence itself may form part of music. Once you accept this rational view, the ghostly musical landscape, suggested by the almost motionless players at two pianos, was both reposing and imaginative.

Other events must be more briefly mentioned than they deserve. At the same concert Webern's arrangement of Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces was a masterpiece of condensation, illum-

inating, more effectively than the original version, the essence of this compelling work. At the conclusion of this broadcast the verve and powerful rhythmic attack of the Allegri String Quartet, in a quartet of Haydn, showed this ensemble now to be in the front rank. On television a young French conductor new to this country, Georges Prêtre (November 18), has something of the character, though still in the making, of a Charles Münch or a Paul Paray. Finally, opera-lovers must forgive me if I can only mention the recording of *Simon Boccanegra* from this year's Salzburg Festival (Third, November 19), in which Leyla Gencer as Amelia was not outshone even by the spectacular Tito Gobbi. Gianandrea Gavazzeni, in charge of the Viennese Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera Chorus, put across a performance that was unforgettably exhilarating.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Schönberg and the Orchestra

By COLIN MASON

A programme of Schönberg's orchestral music will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, November 29 (Third)



SCHÖNBERG BELONGED to a generation which, in the persons particularly of himself, Bartók, and Stravinsky, strongly opposed for many years the tyranny of the symphony and of the orchestra. He never wrote a full-scale orchestral symphony (though in 1937 he was planning a four-movement programmatic—or rather 'philosophic'—one about the persecution of the Jews). And in all the years between the Five Pieces, Op. 16, of 1909 and his death in 1951 his only two original works for full orchestra alone (i.e. excluding arrangements and the two concertos) were the Variations, Op. 31 (1928) and the *Accompaniment to an (Imaginary) Film Scene* (1930). In addition to the planned 'Jewish' symphony he did make a start on four other orchestral works (one, in 1920, a passacaglia, the other three, untitled, all in the last decade of his life), but he never completed any of these. Even the short Prelude, Op. 44, cannot be included, for this 'occasional piece' (in which, with characteristic formal concentration, Schönberg makes his ternary-form prelude in effect a prelude-and-fugue, the middle section being fugal, with a powerfully melodic subject of palindromic construction, and a counter-subject that is also palindromic) was intended only as the first part of a choral and orchestral work, entitled *Genesis*. The later movements were contributed by other composers, and to prepare the way for the vocal settings of the biblical text Schönberg introduced the choir, singing without words, in his coda.

His sustained resistance to the symphony, and to any orchestral substitute for it, was accompanied, like Stravinsky's, by much experiment with new media and forms—though most listeners still have so many difficulties to grapple with in the language and content of Schönberg's music that his originality and inventiveness in this direction have not been so well observed. Only two of his early innovations, in the Chamber Symphony No. 1 of 1906 and *Pierrot Lunaire* of 1912 (both preceding anything comparable in Stravinsky's work), have achieved anything like Stravinskian fame. Even in 1920, the year of the *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*, the First Chamber Symphony would have been remarkable enough. In 1906, a few years after Schönberg had written *Gurrelieder* (and before he had found the time to score it for the monster orchestra that he envisaged) it was almost incredibly revolutionary and prophetic. Possibly even Schönberg was not quite ready for it, and this may be why he later arranged it for

full orchestra, and could not at the time complete the second and third chamber symphonies that he had planned. Even six years later, after orchestrating the *Gurrelieder*, he had not entirely put the grandiose turn-of-the-century conception of the symphony behind him, and in 1912 he began to sketch a gigantic choral and orchestral symphony of Mahlerian proportions and 'philosophical' content. But like the planned chamber symphonies, this was abandoned (and never completed), this time perhaps for the opposite reason. Earlier that year Schönberg had written *Pierrot Lunaire*, and with the new era in the history of chamber music that then became established, the time for Mahlerian symphonies had passed.

Pierrot Lunaire was not so utterly new as the Chamber Symphony (which was itself one of the works that had paved the way for it). Even the use of *Sprechgesang* had been anticipated in *Gurrelieder*, and the use of the voice in chamber music in the String Quartet No. 2. This was something that Schönberg repeated in two later chamber works, and with slight exaggeration he might be called predominantly a vocal composer—a hard fact for those who insist that the twelve-note method excludes truly vocal melody. More than half of all Schönberg's works have choral or solo vocal parts, almost as though he wished by this means to insist, in the face of all the hostility aroused by his music, on his closeness to the most elemental and spontaneous medium of musical expression. What is puzzling in his treatment of the human voice is his obsession with the difficult and, for many musicians, distressing combination of speech and music, and still more with that extraordinary hybrid of his own devising, *Sprechgesang*. This is a curious aspect of his art that deserves a special study.

What is curious in his treatment of instruments is his readiness to transcribe almost any of his works for almost any medium. Arrangements of all kinds abound in the list of his works—two different full orchestral versions of the First Chamber Symphony, one straightforward, the other with added subsidiary parts; string orchestral versions of *Verklärte Nacht*, the Second Quartet and the *Ode to Napoleon*; a reduced orchestral version of the Five Pieces, Op. 16; and a full orchestral version of the *Theme and Variations* for wind band, to mention only arrangements by his own hand. He also started work on a string quartet version of the Wind Quintet, and a letter of 1922 shows him resisting but not absolutely refusing a suggestion

that he should make a symphonic version of *Pierrot Lunaire* for Massine, to be danced without the recitation.

Nor was it only his own works that he arranged. His free transcriptions of concertos by Handel and Monn, and of chorale preludes by Bach may be taken as comparable in intention, though not in character, with Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* and *Baiser de la fée*. And it is not difficult to appreciate the slightly sardonic humour of his arranging Johann Strauss's *Kaiserwalzer* for an ensemble performing *Pierrot*, for a tour of Spain on which he accompanied them. But what of his extraordinary idea of arranging Brahms's G minor Piano Quartet for full orchestra? Some of his reasons are given in a letter to Alfred Frankenstein*:

1. I love the piece.
2. It is seldom played.
3. It is always very badly played, because the better the pianist the louder he plays, and one hears nothing of the strings. I wanted for once to hear everything, and that is what I have achieved. . . . I have often played this and other works [by Brahms] as a viola player and cellist, so I know how it should sound. I wanted only to transfer this sound to the orchestra, and I have done nothing but that. . . . Naturally there were many difficult problems. . . . I think I have solved these problems, but what I have done will not mean much to our musicians of today because they do not understand the problems; and if one points out to them that such problems exist, they are not interested. To me, however, they do mean something. . . .

This tells us much about the purpose of Schönberg's transcriptions generally, though it does not answer all the questions that some of 'our musicians of today' might want to ask about this particular one, or about the full orchestral version of the First Chamber Symphony, which as a translation of chamber music into orchestral music is in some ways comparable. The partial explanation offered earlier, that the Chamber Symphony came before its time, may be the answer to some of them, but others remain. Unlike the question of the significance of *Sprechgesang*, but rather like the questions left unanswered by Schönberg's curious explanation of his occasional reversion to 'tonal' composition in his later years, these are not of primary importance, and the answers to them will contribute only marginally to our still very uncertain evaluation of Schönberg's music in relation to that of his contemporaries and of the great classics. Perhaps only after this evaluation is more or less complete and generally agreed on will these minor enigmas be solved.

* Original in English; here retranslated from German

'Bridge Quiz': Second Semi-final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



Mr. A. DORMER and Mr. D. C. Rimington were opposed to Mr. B. Schapiro and Mr. M. Wolach in the second semi-final of the 'Bridge Quiz' on Network Three. Mr. Wolach was the only one of four experts to find the best answer to this problem in play:

WEST	EAST
♠ 9	♠ A 7 6 5
♥ A K Q 5 2	♥ 10 9 4
♦ A 7	♦ Q 6 4
♣ K J 10 6 4	♣ A Q 5

West is the declarer in Six Hearts. North leads the King of Spades. How should West plan the play?

Clearly, if the hearts divide 3-2 the declarer has twelve top tricks. He must try to guard, therefore, against a 4-1 division of the trumps. His best chance then would be to find that the hand with four trumps held the king of diamonds: if he could strip that hand of black cards he could oblige it, after winning the jack of trumps, to play away from the diamond king.

After winning the first spade, the declarer could test out the trump position and, if they failed to break, he could draw a third trump, cross to the table with a club and trump a spade: cross once more with a club and trump

a further spade and then run the club suit. This plan might fail, however, if the hand with four trumps had only one club and were able to trump the second club and exit with a spade.

As an added precaution, lest a defender with a singleton club should hold three spades, declarer can begin to eliminate spades by trumping one at the second trick. Mr. Wolach was the only one to spot this final point and so helped his side to a lead of seven points against three.

The lead was maintained in the second part of the quiz, and Mr. Dormer and Mr. Rimington therefore had to make up considerable ground when they were invited to bid these hands: West dealer, Game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ 10 8 6 5 4	♠ K
♥ A K 9 6 3	♥ 7
♦ 3 2	♦ K Q 9 8 7 4
♣ A	♣ K J 6 4 3

The problem was not to get too high on a misfit hand, even though both hands had an opening bid of sorts. Three Diamonds, although not absolutely certain to succeed, was judged best and would score ten points. Two No Trumps was marked at seven and certain other part score contracts at four.

Mr. Dormer and Mr. Rimington scored a

maximum after East (Rimington) had taken a somewhat unorthodox view of his holding.

WEST	EAST
1S	2D
2H	3D
No	

That meant that Mr. Schapiro and Mr. Wolach had to reach either Three Diamonds or Two No Trumps in order to win. They got home by the narrowest of margins after this sequence:

WEST	EAST
1S	2D
2H	2NT
No	

Perhaps both East players were somewhat suspicious of the occasion. It certainly seemed to us that East, with an opening bid himself, could well afford to bid the hand as a two-suiter. Nor need that have forced the auction too high. In fact when the hand occurred in Great Britain's successful world championship match in 1955 Reese and Mr. Schapiro bid as follows:

WEST	EAST
1S	2D
2H	3C
3D	No

A career is what it's worth

If you divide the population into two groups—those who take THE TIMES and those who don't—you find this: those who *don't* take THE TIMES are in the great majority. Those who *do* are either at the top in their careers, or are confidently headed there.

THE TIMES both by its seniority in experience and by its incomparable prowess as a modern

newspaper, naturally commends itself to successful people. There is no high level conference, no board meeting, no top executive's private office into which THE TIMES is not apt to be taken.

This choice of a newspaper by people who get on is indisputable.* In which of the two groups do you place yourself?

Read THE TIMES

*There are few greater benefits you can give your children than to bring them up on THE TIMES. If they are at school or college, they can get THE TIMES for the student rate of 2½d. They should write to The Circulation Manager, THE TIMES, London, E.C.4.

Tasty Stuffed Dishes

By ALISON BALFOUR



WHEN FRIENDS drop in uninvited and one has bought dinner for the usual family number, one can often enlarge the main dish by stuffing it. Occasionally, when I have resorted to this trick, the meal has turned out to be a party affair, far more edible than the simple dish that was my original intention. Of course, this kind of dish can also be made in a business-like way by buying for stuffing at the outset.

The advantages of stuffings are that the ingredients required are nearly always in the store-cupboard. Disadvantages are that many complain that tying up the little bundles is tedious. So it is—and unnecessary. A cocktail stick does just as well; or, simpler still, wrap the bundles in cooking foil. But if you use foil, remember it keeps out some of the heat, so that you must allow a slightly longer cooking-time.

Of the vegetables, green peppers, marrows, and cabbages lend themselves to being stuffed. The following recipes are for four people.

Stuffed Cabbage Leaves: simmer 8 large cabbage leaves for 2 minutes until they are pliable. Fry one finely chopped onion in oil, gradually adding 4 oz. of minced beef, 4 oz. of rice, 2 oz. of sultanas, 1 dessertspoon of tomato purée, salt and pepper. When the stuffing is warm and mixed but not fully cooked, place spoonfuls on the cabbage leaves, roll up, wrap in tin foil and simmer for about 1 hour.

Green Peppers are excellent stuffed and baked in tin foil—for then they do not lose their shape. Remove the stem by cutting round it,

and pull out all the seeds and hot pith. Fry a chopped onion in oil, adding small pieces of green pepper. Remove from the stove, stir in 1 lb. of minced pork, and enough paprika pepper to make it a good red colour. An egg can be added as well. Season, and push the mixture into the peppers. Wrap in foil and bake in a hot oven for about 45 minutes.

Apple-Stuffed Fillets are made with 4 cod fillets, stuffed with 2 peeled, cored, and grated small eating apples, 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, and enough lemon juice to make the stuffing stay together. Roll up the fillets, and stew in milk in the oven until tender. Make a thick cheese sauce, cover the fillets with it, and put under the grill to brown the top.

Another stuffed-fish dish my family enjoys is **Halibut Rolls**. You will need $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mushrooms, gently fried in butter, 4 rashers of chopped raw bacon, salt and pepper. Put this mixture on the halibut pieces, roll up, put in an oven-proof dish, and cover with a thick mushroom sauce—about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

The cheaper, and therefore fattier, cuts of meat are all improved with stuffings—and it is in the meat line particularly that cheap cuts can be turned into delectable meals. Here are three recipes, all for four persons, that I enjoy making and eating.

Rollad Rib of Beef. On $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of boned, flattened wing rib of beef place this stuffing: 2 oz. of fresh breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of chopped rosemary, 2 oz. of chopped bacon, 2 chopped flat mushrooms, a squeeze of lemon,

salt and pepper, and one small egg to bind it all together. Roll up the meat, add a dollop of dripping, wrap firmly in foil, and bake for 2 hours in a moderate to hot oven.

Orange Veal Rollmops are my favourite stuffed dish—though more expensive than the recipe above, because it is necessary to buy good pieces of veal. The stuffing consists of finely chopped onion, raisins, and walnuts in fairly equal amounts, bound together with the juice of fresh oranges. Place the stuffing on the veal strips, roll up, add a knob of butter to each rollmop, wrap in foil, and bake in a moderately hot oven for about 45 minutes.

Notes on Contributors

DONALD MACRAE (page 843): Reader in Sociology, London University

TIBOR MENDE (page 845): has recently visited Puerto Rico; author of *Conversations with Mr. Nehru, South East Asia Between Two Worlds, China and Her Shadow, The Chinese Revolution*, etc.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM (page 855): Reader in Philosophy, London University; translator of A. I. Gertsen's *The Russian People and Socialism*, and author of *Socialism and Culture*

MARTIN WELLS (page 857): Demonstrator in Zoology, Cambridge University

ELIZABETH JENNINGS (page 875): poet and critic; author of *A Way of Looking, A Sense of the World, Every Changing Shape*, etc.; editor of *The Batsford Book of Children's Verse*

COLIN MASON (page 889): music critic of *The Guardian*; author of *Bartók*

Crossword No. 1,643.

Astronomical.

By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 30. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

From the earliest 28 of 33, man has been 4 about the 32 nature of the Universe. In the earliest 1D, the 40 was the centre of the Universe; the remote stars were fixed in space and so was the 40. The changes in the relative positions of

the 40 on the 2 hand, and the 36D, Moon and Planets on the other, were explained by saying that they moved around the Earth. The modern view, that the Planets are 31 around the Sun, that the solar system is in motion, and that the Galaxies are 13 on journeys through space, shows the advances made since that 33.

In the sixth century B.C., the century of Buddha, 1A, 20 (3-3) and Pythagoras, the closed universe of that earlier 1D began to be questioned. But between this 33 and the XIIIth century, there were long 28 when 21 seemed almost 7. The next steps forward on the 47 of advance 5U some 46 encounters with Orthodoxy. The Church of that 58 required all theories to conform to their interpretations.

In fact, the men who were destined to 50 interest in 21 lived in a 9 half-world. A 26D amount of 33 and ingenuity was wasted trying to bring the 3 discoveries into 57D with the earlier 1Ds, for the Church was determined to 18-30 all these 3 ideas. Scientists did not act in 45-11. Many an 53D was deflated and some scientists were embittered and 35 by ridicule. Since, when 7, he could not suffer from ridicule, 60 would not publish his theories until four 5A after he 5U made them. We can only 38 the raw 43 given to scientists by the Church of that 58. Their persecutions were not physically 10. Galileo, for example, never spent a 58 in 14, but the way he was abused, by being kept under constant observation, must often have 41R. The remark, '8 si muove', said to have been made to a 19, is apocryphal; but the religious controversy in which he was constantly engaged was an ill 39 which blew nobody good. The 11 for the lack of interest shown in Galileo's theories must fall upon the Church of his 58.

Recovery from these set-backs was 37 and it was long before the 48 light broke 42 52. But, in the 51, the 39 of change blew away the 59 and scientists were able to 56 ahead 52.

Anyone 6 such annoyance to scientists 58 would find 55 ready to 34R upon him like wild beasts in a 49U. A 29 of fury would 25 like a volcano if anyone tried to 36A the 22 of scientific advance in this 23D age.

By 58, modern 23D physics has given a 3 impetus to the study of 21 and interest has lived 12 (2, 5). Not only have 24 more powerful telescopes enabled us to 16 light-sources 18 a thousand million light-years distant, but also the 1D of space-time, due to 49A, has modified the theories of 15. Well-known names in modern 21 are de Sitter, and, in 54-57A, 27 Arthur 53A and Milne. The advances made by these, and others, are 41 to those made in 23D physics. Yet still there are 55 unsolved problems and we 26R not expect the 47 of advance to be free from 3 pit-falls and 17 theories.

PS.: If your problem is difficult to solve, do not write in to us: We cannot give you any further 23A.

A=Across, D=Down, R=Reversed, U=Up.

Solution of No. 1,641

N	A	I	H	I	P														
H	O	N	O	M	S	R	E	I	S										
Y	T	H	C	Y	O	O	W	N	G	S	O	U							
A	S	Y	A	R	C	L	A	E	S	O	D	R	T	A					
G	N	O	P	S	D	R	E	T	U	R	G	H	O	C					
A	G	I	H	S	A	E	L	T	P	N	E	S	I						
A	M	F	I	D	P	E	L	D	E	U	R	I	F	I					
H	N	R	D	E	L	S	U	L	E	V	P	L	U	G					
C	I	A	D	R	A	N	T	A	T	I	S	O	L	T	L				
O	G	B	E	O	T	S	O	P	M	E	N	O	I	A	E				
B	H	O	P	S	E	T	E	O	A	T	P	U	N	D					
A	L	I	N	B	A	T	E	L	C	T	A	N	I	A					
T	U	N	G	E	T	O	M	A	N	T	R	I							
E	C	O	R	E	C	A	S	Y	M	I	L	A	E	U					
I	S	S	P	H	O	P	H	I	L	C	H	O							
H	I	P	T	O	T	E	D	E											
H	I	L																	
U	Q	S																	

1st prize: J. C. Frost (Blackburn); 2nd prize: H. H. Browne (Purley); 3rd prize, Mrs. L. Bush (East Horsley).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

● One of today's problems is how to make the best use of leisure hours. If you are studiously inclined your spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook, and development of mental abilities. Moreover under experienced and sympathetic guidance studying *at home* becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You may study for these in your own time and wherever you are.

● Wolsey Hall Postal Courses for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, assessment of your written work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A guarantee is given that in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Moderate fees: instalments. More than 16,000 Successes at London University examinations alone from 1947.

● Prospectus free on request (mentioning exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Director of Studies, Dept. FE24.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD



EDITORS ARE HUMAN

The School referred to in the article "Editors are Human" (John O'London's) is The London School of Journalism.

Several phrases are significant. "I think that the tutor must have spent, on occasions, two hours or more on my lessons." "His comments often run to three or four pages of typescript."

The standard of personal coaching given by the LSJ is unsurpassed. If you wish to enquire about the School's various courses, you will not be bombarded with follow-up letters. If you enrol, you will work under one coach who will help you along your own lines. Your work will be returned promptly . . . no waiting for two or three months.

LSJ courses cover Articles, Stories, Staff Journalism, Radio Plays, English Literature, History, etc. Ask us to send you "Writing for the Press," post free.

**LONDON SCHOOL OF
JOURNALISM (L)**

19 Hertford Street, W.1. GR0 8250

"There are L.S.J. students all
over the world"



... EXCEPT FOR THE GAS CHAMBERS THE
CONDITIONS OF STARVATION UNDER WHICH
PEOPLE IN ALGERIAN 'REGROUPMENT' CAMPS ARE
LIVING COMPARE WITH NAZI CAMPS FOR THE JEWS+

Report from a relief
worker of long
experience.

THE REFUGEES daily ration gives only about *half* the minimum calories necessary for health.

Peace is still a mirage—and even when it comes there will be many months before ruined farms and homes can support returned families.

Can they survive meanwhile? That depends on your continued help.

Aid can reach them. It is needed quickly—food, vitamin tablets, drugs and blankets (wanted *before* the cold winter comes). £5,000 is needed for immediate feeding supplies; £1,500 for drugs; £1,500 for an occupational training programme; £1,000 for milk and bread for children.

Please send contributions to:

THE HON. TREASURER, THE U.K. COMMITTEE FOR
ALGERIAN REFUGEES, 49 DENISON HOUSE,
296(G) VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON S.W.1

Supporting Organisations:

CHRISTIAN ACTION, FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL, INTER-CHURCH
AID AND REFUGEE SERVICE, INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTARY
SERVICE, OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR FAMINE RELIEF,
WAR ON WANT.

Tuition by Post



**UNIVERSITY
CORRESPONDENCE
COLLEGE**

Expert tuition is offered by U.C.C. for GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, Ordinary and Advanced Levels; all Boards, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON Entrance requirements and examinations for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., B.Mus., LAW, and many other exams. Private Study Courses are given in Languages (French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian), Science Subjects, Sociology, etc. Highly qualified Tutors. Reasonable fees; instalments if desired. Textbook lending library.

● Write for PROSPECTUS containing full information post free on request to the Registrar,

56 Burlington House, Cambridge

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparing for General Certificate of Education, and Prelim. exams.; for B.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., etc. external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government, and commercial exams.; for professional exams, in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management, for Dip. in Marketing, Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects. MORE THAN 280,000 EXAM. SUCCESSSES

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-Book Lending Library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D1/1).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4



**FAMILY
COATS
OF
ARMS**

THE ARMS OF YOUR FORBEARS make fascinating shields for interior decoration. Beautifully reproduced from the blazons recorded in old armories they frequently inspire further research. Prices about 30/- to 80/-. Brochure and free booklet—

HUNTER & SMALLPAGE LTD.
YORK
Established 1875

"Which?"

The ideal Christmas gift for your friends and for yourself. It costs £1 and lasts a year.

"Which?"

For full particulars of "Which?" as a Christmas gift and details of monthly reports on consumer goods and services, write to

THE CONSUMERS' ASSOCIATION,
(Box M/X)
14, BUCKINGHAM STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2.